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# THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

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BY MARIE & LADD. 18

ent of apple-blossome fills a odurous breath the summ ong of robin clearly trills by the dusty thoroughfare.

The slope whereon the white lambe grad Is brightened by the morning cun. That o'er the landscape briskly plays, And gilds the day but just began. The restin bridge across the stream Laoks picture-like; there of is heard The heavy transping of a team, Or the hight carol of a bird.

# Jasper Onslow's Wife.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV. MR. GAWTREY'S LOZENGES.

That is all the subject of the control of the contr

Yes. Mr. Dormer had seen his consin; and he hade Mr. Selwyn good by or with many good wishes, and went to the cabin, where the agent was making up his books and arranging the money he had received from those win had paid on board.

"That's all, I think," he said, stretching himself, with a yawn. "You're pretty full, captain. Going, sir?"

"You're pretty full, captain. Going, sir?"



hastily.

Be so good as to give me a box and allow me to compare them," he said.

She handed him a box and he opened it. The losenges were the same—the dainty covering of lace paper was identical; but there was no sugar on those in the shop. They lay clear and sparkling in neatly arranged rows, with no trace of powder about them.

"Yes."

"No one, thank heaven; the means, as I believe, are in my pocket."

"What on earth do von mean?"

For answer Ernest Dermer took the two boxes out of his pocket and haid them open on the table.

"That is poisoned, I firmly believe," he said. "The person to whom it was given powdered sugar.

on the box "Gawtrey, Albemarie-street, Southampton."

"Bought here," he said to himself: "perhaps I have found a mare's nest, after all."

He went in search of Amphlett Selwyn, and entered into conversation with him. But the young surgeon, if he had flung away Mise Carlyon's profitored gift, would not break faith with her.

"He had heard of an eligible opening in Australia," he said, "and he had resolved to go. Mise Carlyon had been very kind in aiding him all she could. He had but just parted from her. Had Mr. Durmer seen her?"

Yes, Mr. Dormer had seen his consin:

Yes, Mr. Dormer had seen his consin:

"A re you sure."

\*\*A re you sure."

\*\*Less it herself out of the ladding him all the on the consin:

"A re you sure."

\*\*A re you sure."

\*\*A re you sure."

ranged rows, with no trace of powder about them.

Mr. Gawtrey himself corroborated his shopgirl's assertion.

Said. "The person to whom it was given thought so too and flung it away. I want you to tell me for a certainty. You can in a

you to tell me for a certainty. You can in a few minutes."

"I can, of course, if you really think what you say. But whom do you suspect of such a diabelical way of poisoning any one? Was the intended victim a child that it was done in this way?"

I saw the enclosed advertisement, and by a strange coincidence met the man who had inserted it. He is a rort of detective, employed in private inquiries, and that sort of thing. His real reason for advertising is that the woman mentioned is suspected of murder. He says there isn't the shadow of a doubt; but, of course, they always hold out the bait of 'semething to their advantage' in these advertisements. I send you the copy, because the somewhat uncommon assue of the man mentioned is that of the person I have heard you speak of who disappeared, and whose child you so generously adopted. I did not tell the person advertising that I had ever heard the name mentioned. He is a vulgar, foasy sort of person, and might sanny you with letters. I will wait your permission to do so. Trusting you are well and Mrs. Bellew I am, madam, with grafitude for all your kindness, yours faithfully, "Amphiliert Sellwys."

"Miss Carlyon, Kingcolm Grange."

"Miss Carlyon, Kingcolm Grange."

"What does the fellow mean by underlining 'all' in that manner?" asked Ernest Dormer, looking up.

"I'm sure I don't know. My kindness to him was nothing. Some people have a trick of doing it."

"It is a very unusual trick in a business man. Is that the advertisement he talks about?"

"Y—"

"Yes."

She gave it to him, as he fencied, with some reluctance. It must have been fancy, for there was nothing in it to concern Doris Carlyon in the least.

"Fancy reading that child's name in a bit of name in the least.

"Fancy reading that child's name in a bit of name in the least.

"I have been the said, with a least of name." I like to hear those funny advertisaments, where no hear those funny advertisaments, where he have those funny advertisaments, where he have the series of thing. They're so funny."

"Auntie is always on the lookout for a chance of a remeance; but read it, Ernest. Who is the advertisament with a strange feeling creeping over him; yet, but for the words of Ampidett Selwyn's letter, the little paragraph was simple mough:

"Talk of the "Yes, I know. Talk of Mr. Selwyn, and yon get a letter from him — is that it?"

"Exactly."

She handed the letter and papers to their respective cowners, and with a slight applied Selwin. But the strong of going to her rousin she spened Amphilot Selwin. Etters. But histen. Shorter fulfilled his promise of going to Kingcolm Grange. When he did so, Doris was inclined to be very wrath with him, and to include in halfangry beater about his non-appearance before.

"You have quite forasken us, Ernest," she said. "I shall begin to think you are in love, and that some fine lady is taking up your time and attention."

"The you will be glad to hear he is safely arrived in Methodran. You can read his letter."

"The you will be glad to hear he is safely arrived in Methodran. You can read his letter."

"She spoke lightly enough, but there was a nervous ring in her value, and she was evidently afraid of her cousin." What have with your very kind request, I hasten to inform and her with your very wind in doubtless be glad to hear I have severy prospect of doing with your very wind in the safe arrival in Austral to indust the form and steethed of a distant relative hand. It was brief and business like emongli, but there was a nervous ring in her value, and she was evidently afraid of her cousin." What have very prospect of doing well. I suffern you look as solemn as though you were qualifying for the pulpt instead of being an independent gentleman."

ng lady of rare beauty and talent, who

a young lady of rare beauty and talent, who will grace her new sphere to perfection."

"Will she?" said Doria, with a smoor.

"We shall see. I sever could see her beauty myself. You used to rave about it, Ernest. You'll be able to study it again when she has set up for a fine hally."

"I thought, and think, Mrs. Onslow very beautiful. She will make a sussettion whom she appears in the fishionable world."

Doris took up the paper imparisantly, and her eye fell upon another paragraph which made her utter an angry enclamation.

"Stafford House, Park-lane, which habeen empty so long, is being redecorated and furnished for the occupation of Jasper Onslow, Eng., who has taken it on a lease."

"Stafford House?" she catchineed. "Why, it will take the income of a prince to live in that."

"Mr. Onslow has the income of a prince, by all accounts," Ernest Dormer said, qui-elly. "Society will have something to give

"What?"

"Muriel Onslow's beauty."

"She shan't reign unchallenged."

"What do you mean?"

"They shall have my beauty as well as here to stir them up. Oh, you think me very vain, I daresay; but I have eyes, and looking-glasses, and men's tongues by the score to tell me the same. Do you think I will let her, my paid servant—my walting maid—lord it over me in the society I was born to?"

born to?"

She had risen from the table, and was walking about with flashing eyes and rest-

walking about with flashing eyes and resi-less, twitching hands.

"My dear Doris," Mrs. Beliew said, gent-ly, "Muriel was never your maid."

"What better was she? Was she half so well? My maid had a thousand perquisite-and privileges that she had not. I paid her better wages. In all, save the permission to ait at my table, and the opportunity to fiirt with and cajole my gentlemen guests, Fran-cine is infinitely better off than Muriel Chis-holm was."

im was."
"I think she is," Ernest Dormer replied.

ther. She was——"
Too good for Kingcolm Grange, in short, ronder you did not translate her to some

er atmosphere."
The bitter malice in her tone and look made ber seem like a beautiful fiend, and he looked at her without speaking, fearful that his voice might express too much of what he felt.

he felt.

"Come into my boudoir," she said, when
Mrs. Bellew at length rose, having finished
her breakfast, "and tell me all you know
about this wonderful fortune."

"I know no more than the papers have

You will be one of the worshippers at

"You will be one of the worshippers at the new shrine of course."

"I shall be a visitor, and a welcome one, or Muriel Onslow is much changed, at Stafford House, if that is what you mean, Doris. For anything else, she is another man's wife, and however I may admire I shall stop at admiration, be sure of that."

"Oh, how wise and prudent you can be when it suits you. "Well, if you don't worship there are plenty who will. Yellow hair, and large, vulgar eyes attract many men, but there are those in the world who prefer another style of beauty. We shall see where the moths hover thickest by and by."

by "
"What are you going to do?"
"Do! Take a house'in town for the season; march side by side with her in her triumphal progress; measure the length of my purse against hers; show her two admirers at my fact for one she can count at hers; win the envy of the women and the admiration of the men; and condole with her on the slow progress she makes in fashionable life and manners."
"Are you possessed with a demon. Dorie

"Are you passessed with a demon, Doris, that you talk in that wild way?"

"Sometimes I believe I am. Certainly I have one at my elbow when I think of Muriel Chisholm."

Muriel Chisholm."

"You are very much mistaken in her if you think she will turn out such a butterfly as you fancy. She is a married woman, whose great safeguard against wrong is the shelter of her husband's love. Let her alone; her purity will variquish you in any conflict with her."

shelter of her hasband's love. Let her alone; her purity will varquish you in any conflict with her."

"Will it!" she hissed, as the door closed behind him, and she was left alone. "A married woman! Married to the only man I ever really loved! I could not sting her in her poverty; I will steal her husband from her. Ernest Dormer. She shall see him creep to my side day after day, with no eyes nor ears for aught on earth save Doris Carlyon. She shall see it, feel it—shall have it eating into her heart day by day, and shall be powerless to raise a finger to prevent it. She crossed my path once; let her look to it a second time!

CHAPTER XXVII.

BAFFLED.

"I was inquiring for Mr. Colliver," Ernest est said. "The boy says he is not dead, but gone away."

The policeman shock his head. "If's a long time now since he went away. But you'll get every information at the office, gentlement, if you'll take the trouble to step round there. My orders are to refer every one that asks to the superintendent."

Ernest gave the man a shilling, and they found their way to the not very savory street where the police office was situated. The superintendent received them with much politicuses, and told them all he knew.

"It was foared the old man had met with some accident," he said. "He has never been known to stay away so long before, and

# BAFFLED.

A strange coincidence—to use a phrase By which such things are settled newndays.

What motive Ernest Durmer had in wish ing to find out the antecedents and where-abouts of Ralph Rutherford's life was best known to himself. His announcement of his intention to do so annoyed his cousin, Miss Carlyon, not a little.

"What do you want to find out about this

man for ?" she asked.

"Well, I am curious about him, that is all."

"Curiosity seldom prompts men to do estre things. If you were a woman, now, I shouldn't wonder. I don't fancy you will find out more than I know, and I have told you everything."

"Indeed." ahe asked.

Yes; all that old man told me. The

man went off to South America on the same wild-goose chase that brought him to my half-looking for some one, as I understood

Looking for Terem Sciavoni, maybe." Perhaps—who knows?" Who, indeed! Well, I am going to find

him out if he is above ground."

" Don't do it, Ernest Dormer."

"Don't do it, Ernest Dormer."

"Why not?"

"She had spoken almost savagely, hissing out the words between her set teeth, and he looked at her inquiringly.

"Became—became it seems to me child-ish to be so curious about a stranger. Hesides, I don't want to lose little Ralpho, and if you succeed in hunting up his father, he might take him away."

"You seem to have a strange objection to curiosity, Cousin Doris," he said, gravely.

"Take care I don't exercise it in a way you do not like."

"How?"

"In fadding out the secret of your life,"

ling out the secret of your life."

"Just on."
She looked at him a moment, and then sughed, a hard, unmusical laugh.
"My secrete," she said. "I have none."
"I think you have."
"You know them, them, as well as I do. for know all about my life; it has been

He bade her good-bye and left the Grange, feeling as if he breathed freer when he was cutside the lodge gute.

"It's a fine house and a noble property, and my couse Ducks is a very charming and feasignating women when she chooses to be so; but for all that the place is hausted by the shadow of something unpleasant. There's a skeleton in some of the emphesseds there, and we to the hand that unlocks the door and lays it hars. No secrets! Time will show, Doris Carlyan. I shall knew when I get at the mystery of that poissened sagar. Piner! I find as though I study never est or drink aught from her kind again after the look she gave nos this morning."

Thoris did not think any more pleasantly did her cousin than her kind again after the look she gave nos this morning."

Thoris did not think any more pleasantly did her cousin than he did of her.

"Pind out the sucret of my life, will he," she said to herself; "trace Ralph Rutherford's antececlests. What has the one to do with the other? He had latter let me alone, or ..."

"What are you thinking of, my dear? Your forehead is all puckered up as though you were perplexed," said Mrs. Bellew in novembly.

"So I am, auntie dear. I'm thinking how we shall have amber or pink for the drawing-room in London. Amber, of course, suits me best, but..."

"Then I'm sure I should have amber," and the old lady, sweetly. "But, Doris, my dear, aren't you going to a tremendous ext.

"Well, you sea, sir, it was no business of mine. Mr. Colliver was away, and besides he had the letter telling where the man was, you know, so we could not interfere. The keepers had his name pat enough.—Henry assert, it wouldn't, 'Boris answered. "If I spend every farthing I'm you know, so mercy he didn't get as swered. "If I spend every farthing I'm worth in the worth PII costchine. Murich part of the property is a supplied to the property and the property he didn't get as swered. "If I spend every farthing I'm worth in the worth PII costchine. Murich part of the property he didn't get as the property had b

Winstanley, whom he had not seen for some time.

"You in the City!" exclaimed that young gentleman. "What the deuce are you doing here?"

"Duty, dear boy—duty. I've just been seeing an old aunt of mine off to Bow. Fancy any human creature living at Bow of their own free will. She's rich enough to set up housekeeping in Eaton-square if she chose; and because her dear 'Arry,' as she calls the late lamented alderman who left her his money, made his fitthy lucre amongst the seents and smells of that savoury locality, she lives there yet in Stearine House, so called by the late lamented, who made his money by candles. Have you any old aunts in the east that I find you here?"

"No, nor anywhere else. I am going to Limehouse. Will you come with me, Winstanley?"

"Wall year. I'm an idle man to day."

door.

"No, sir, he ain't dead," replied one of a tribe of attendant gemins, whose interest in the fact of any one looking at the house and knocking at the door was extreme. "Leastways, nobody knows as he is."

"Thus where is he?"

Then where is he?"

Ah, that's what everybody wants to know

"Ah, that's what every body wants to know. He's gone a way this long time, and Mr. Onslow as lived here with him has come into a fortin, and gone away too."

"Now then, you boys, get out of this," said a helmeted policeman, coming up and putting them to flight to a safe distance, where they might make faces and hur! opprobrious epitheta at him with impunity. "Beg pardon, sir, if you was speaking to them; but the young varmints are such a nuisance. They'd break into the house if they weren't watched night and day almost."

"I was inquiring for Mr. Colliver," Ernest said. "The boy says he is not dead, but gone away."

some secident," he said. "He has never been known to stay away so long before, and he may have died in some obscure place abroad, with no clue to his identity about

That's awkward " Ernest Dormer said "I wanted some information that only he could give me. What is to be done with the house and all the property in it?"

"Well, sir, I don't know yet. Mr. Onslow was left in charge, and as I dareasy you've heard he has succeeded to a fortune

and left Limehouse

you've heard he has succeeded to a fortune and left Limehouse."

"Yes, I know that. Then he holds possession in Mr. Colliver's absence?"

"He does, sir, and very particular he is about the place. He won't allow even my men to go in. He keeps the key himself; and any one wanting to see the place, or to know anything more than we can tell him, is to be referred to his solicitors, Messrs. Jumble and Writall, 22, Lincoln's-inn."

"Thank you; I don't want to see the house. We wanted to see the old man himself."

"Thank you; I don't want to see the house. We wanted to see the old man himself"
"I'm afraid you'll never do that, sir. We are going to advertise for him; but I fancy it will be no use."
"So ends your chance of hearing of this Ralph—what's his name?" said Winstanley, as they turned to go.
"Ralph Rutherford. Yes, I suppose so."
"Is there any information I can give you, gentlemen?" asked the officer, politicly stopping them.
"Well, yes, perhaps—and yet I don't know. Our business here was to inquire about a friend—or at any rate an acquaint-ance—of Mr. Collivers's, named Ralph Rutherford."

"Ah, the man who disappeared and left the child."

the child."

"You know him, then?"

"Well, hardly," the superintendent said, with a smile; "but we police are pretty well informed in most things. What might you want to know about him, gentlemen?

"I want to find out who and what he is, where he came from and what has become of him."

"I cannot tell you all that; but I can tell you what Jahes Colliver told us when he went a-mining."

He turned the leaves of a huge book, and

"What are you reading?" was asked of a young girl, with a small volume in her hand. "I am reading a dream book," she blush-nelly approved.

young girl, with a small volume in her hand.

"I am reading a dream book," she blushingly answered.

And are not all of us, young, middle-aged, and old, constantly reading dream books? We begin in childhood—oh, what volumes of dream books we read then!—and we continue to read them diligently through life.

Dreaming, dreaming, we are always fondly dreaming of that which we hope will be, but much of which, alas! will never come to pass. Yet dreaming is, in itself, pleasant, it is, indeed, the source of great happiness.

And then, again, if the unreal future come to us in our waking dreams, so does the real past come to us in our sleeping dreams.

"The loved, the lost, the beautiful, the dead," rise from their graves, clothed, not in the cerements of the temb, but in all the freshness and radiant beauty of life, and reappear to us as we once knew them. Again we clasp their hands, again we feel tender kinses, again we hear their sweet voices and heir precious words; and even if it is all a dream, it is much, in this world of limited and broken joys.

Read on thy dream book, young girl, and long may it be before the dreams of the past shall be more numerous and dearer than all the dreams of the future.

HE submits himself to be seen through a

that Jakes Colliver told us when he amining."

His submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be eaught in a passion.

He bask her good by and left the Grange station of the security of the feesthand floor when he was all described his for friends that and the property of the feesthand floor when he was all specified the feesthand the property of the feesthand the property of the proper

had caused this surrering.

In his arms and bore her away to her chamber.

After a time, with proper restoratives, she recovered; but she lay cold, and still, and silent. Observing that she did not attempt to speak, and seemed to wish to be silent, he went away and left her alone in her misery. It was cruel soothing, but perhaps the wisest course he could have pursued. Left alone, she hugged her grief to her breast, and, at last, wearied out with her struggle, sobbed herself to sleep. Life seemed very dark to her, and hope dead; but nature claimed her dues and would not be silenced. She sleept the quiet sleep of childhood.

Happily, her sleep was almost dreamless. She did not start, or tremble, or cry out. A grieved, patient, quivering sob, from time to time, escaped her lips. In her frequent, but short, wakings, a sense of some heavy sorrow hung over her, but she seldom fully realized it.

Late at night, when Mr. Morgan returned, she was sleeping quietly, and he commented, as he stole away, upon her insensibility and want of feeling.

When they met in the morning no allusion was made to the conversation of the past evening.

"I will make no opposition," she thought. "Let him work hie will. Heaven forbid that, if he has ceased to love me, I should stand batween him and freedom and happiness."

So she resolved on the perfect submission.

So she resolved on the perfect submission felt as if which had become habitual with her. But the day one a very sad one. At five o'clock I meant

her husband was expected back from the city, to which he went daily to attend to his business.

The tremulously awaited him, timid and fearful, for their old relation seemed to have died out, and she knew not how, all at once, to adapt herself to another. She waited, and the clock ticked on. The hour struck, and passed, almost unheeded at first, and them with a wague faeling of terror and alarm that every moment doubled and intensified.

Time dragged slowly and painfully along. In vain she repeated to herself that, feeling that this was no longer a kome, she no longer a wife, he was purposely prolonging his absence. But she could not cheat her foars. They grew and grew, till at leat, when, in the darkness, the road by which he was wont to return became invisible, she three herself upon a sofa in an agony of terror. No one approached the house. Once in a while she stole to the gate—always vainly. The late summer darkness fell, and she was still alone, The clock readed the house. My looks belied my words, and he would trust me.

"Now remains to the next four miles. At the edge of the village I down a will a land. "You have led the trace in more senses than one," I said, as he came besseld me.

"What do you mean? You are besuitful as a queen, Marguers, 'he said, with an eager fast, and the day; but you are besuitful as a queen for one, I want through willy.

"Am I a queen for ones, then, and you know."

"No matter. It is queenly to rule and ruin together."

"Your beart is too kind."

"You beart is too kind."

"You here head wild you as a queen for ones, then, and you know."

"No matter. It is queenly to rule and ruin together."

"You here head you will, a queen for ones, then, and you know."

"No matter. It is queenly to rule and ruin together."

"You here thered, with an eager fast, and the race, you will spell your horse."

"You will spell your horse."

"You here the race in head of the rule was a queen for ones, then, and you know."

"No matter. It is queenly to rule and ruin together."

"You here the race, in

The address of the wythm wagfreen lines and the with the district state of the wild hadony by the state of the wild believe to the work of the work of

care, I went down to meet him.

There was a new brilliancy in my cheeks,
I knew, an added lustre in my eyes, as I
stood before him, bowing my greeting. He
noticed it with a heightened color.

"How well you are looking this morning,
Margaret," he said.

"Am 1?" I answered, smiling back into
his eyes with all my old trusting fordness.
"I had forgotten you were coming to ride
out with me, until my aunt's voice reminded
me of it."

out with me, until my aunt's voice reminded me of it."

He looked surprised that I should forget, or seem to forget, any appointment of his, which I had never done before; but I was an attentive to him otherwise, that his momentary annoyance vanished. We struck out upon the road towards Byrne.

"Suppose we ride fast." I said, raising my riding-whip, ready to start.

"No; it will spoil our enjoyment, for we cannot say a word then—and," he might have added, "I cannot feed you with love's poison from my eyes.

"But I want a race, and, more than that, I mean to have one," I answered, with spirit. He looked up quickly.

"What has come over you, Margaret?"

Nothing, "I answered, meeting his look with more tenderness than usual, but letting my whip fall with a sma upon my horse, and bounding away at the same time. I felt as if I could ride madily that morning; and I don't know but my companion thought I meant to, for, spite of his efforts, we were

trust me.

"Never mind, as long as we do not quar-rel," he said, with an emphasis upon the

rel," he said, with an emphasis upon the pronoun.

"True; never mind," I answered, grimly, thinking of my future a moment.

The sun was sinking when we rode up the avenue at Hyde Woods. I was wall satisfied with my day's work. He was coming closer to me, in spite of himself.

"You must not call this evening," I said, as he touched my hand with his lips at parting. "I have another engagement; but to-morrow, if you will."

"If I will! O Margaret! I cannot stay away this evening!" away this evening !"
"But you must," I answered, ascending

"If I will: O Margaret: I cannot stay
sway this evening?"

"But you must," I answered, ascending
the steps.

My aunt met me in the hall.

"Margaret, you are not going out with
Mr. Grey too much, are you?" she said,
stopping me.

"Oh, no! We are only flirting a little,
and it would be so dreadfully duil with no
one, you know, dear Aunt Hyde."

I kissed her, and went slowly to my room.
If I had given way once, it would have been
all over with me. I should have had no
strength to go on; and if I did not give way,
I must not trust myself to think alone yet.
I put off my riding-dress, and donning another, went below.

Until late at night I played chees with my
aunt, and then, thoroughly tired out, I went
to bed to sleep. I did not mean to see Richard Grey the next day. A little absence
would only make my presence dearer, and
I was going to try it upon him.

"If Mr. Grey calls this morning, say to
him that I am indisposed, will you, Aunt
Hyde?" I said, as we rose from breakfast.

"Yes; for you do look tired."
I went into the library, and hunting out
the most exciting novel I could find, began
to read. The run was hardly three hours
high when Richard Grey's voice sounded at
the door; and then I heard his horse canter
down the avenue, but I did not change my
position. It would not do to satisfy my inclination now. When the sound died away,
I went on steadily with my reading again.
In the evening the gentleman called to see
how I was.

"Better," I heard my aunt say; "but not
in the parlor the evening;" and he took his
departure.

I was ready the following morning early,

long?"
"I have wanted to see you too, Richard,"
I answered, slowly, lingering tenderly over
the name; "but these weddings make such a He started violently, but I went on speak-

He started violently, but I went on speaking in the same even tone.

"I should have sent you these," holding out the invitation cards, "but I hoped each day that I should see you the next, and give them myself, so it was delayed until now," and I handed them to him.

He threw them down, and put his foot upon them quicker than lightning.

"Is this true, Margaret," burst from his live.

lips. "True? Of course it is. Why do you

"True? Of course it is. Why do you ask?"

"And you have dared to throw it in my face like this, as if I had never loved you?"

I was careful to keep my tones cool and even as before.

"My dear Mr. Grey, you are to marry your cousin, and I mine. Surely, you did not think I would love you, when I knew you were the betrothed of another? And I could not be so vain as to think you cared for me at all, when you loved her so well. A harmless flirtation; and we both understood it to perfection, I think."

His face was like a dead man's face, as he staggared from the room. Ah, revenge is sweet, after all! Who says it is not?

INSTEAD of regretting that we are some-times deceived, we should rather lamont that we are undeceived.

run all over my right hand, which circumstaness rendered a hold of the ladder-staves less secure. To rest my aching arms, I haptened to be accomplished without the hazard of a tiring and comparatively dangerous descent of the "climbing-way."

There were at the time I speech of but few hydraulic engines of the kind we proposed to visit, so the resolve to make the inspection was, in spite of its comparative danger to a novice, quickly formed. On arriving at the mine, we sent for the "captain" of the works, and under his directions, divested ourselves of all our clothes, and substituted the common working-dress of the miners, and each of us was furnished with a lump of clay shout the size of an orange, into which is hole being made with your thumb. In his penny candle was inserted. Our harry consisted of the captain, one of the miners, my cousin, and mayed.

A few yards distant from the "coe" of the opposite sides of the mines, and resting opined, disclosed a neaty black-looking hole, that might have been "any depth, but which was, it seems, only sixty feet. On the miners, my cousin, and mayed.

A few yards distant from the "coe" of the opposite sides of the mine, and resting opined, disclosed a neaty black-looking hole, that might have been "any depth, but which was, it seems, only sixty feet. On the of the opposite sides of the mine, and resting opined, disclosed a neaty black-looking hole, that might have been "any depth, but which was, it seems, only sixty feet. On the opined with a lump of law yards of the sides of the miner, then my cousin, and inst of all your humble servant. The mode of progression consisted in digring the outside edge of the soles of your bost law of the side of the miner, then my cousin, and not of all your humble servant. The mode of progression consisted in digring the outside edge of the soles of your bost law of the miner, then you can be a sole of your bost law of the miner, then you can be a sole of your bost law of the miner, then you can be a sole of the miner, then you can be a captain (whom we will call Mr. Darnton) first descended, after him the miner, then my cousin, and last of all your humble servant. The mode of progression consisted in digging the outside edge of the soles of your boots into the side of the shaft, so as to get all the hold you could of the narrow ledges of the "stemples," as they are called; and as to your hands, you were cautioned not to lay hold of the nearest stemple to your shoulder, but rather to stoop and rest on the lowest one practicable; so that, in case of a foot slipping, the muscles of the arms might not be suddenly called upon when in the comparatively relaxed position of a bent elbox.

Sixty feet of this sort of work brought us to a gallery about five yards in length, and at the end of this was another sixty feet of climbing-way, and then another gallery, and so on, until we reached the "level," into which, at quarter-minute intervals, a tremendous body of water rushed through a cast-iron pipe about twenty inches in diameter. This intermittent little river—for it really was one in miniature—was the water lifted by the engine at every stroke—and she was making at that time four strokes a minute. Our difficulties now had their commencement. "The engine, gentlemen," said our very intelligent guide, "is at the other end of that pipe, and the pipe is fifteen feet long. We must crawlt through it, one at a time; and I can tell you it is rather an awkward journey. I will go first, and you can form an idea of the way of crawling by seeing what I do. Be careful to raise yourselves as high as you can when you hear the valve of the engine clap-to, for that is the sign she is beginning her stroke, and the water will be through like a shot; so mind and let it run under you, and take care it does not put your candle out."

We promised to observe all his cautions, and he at once crept into the pipe. There was something frightful about the whole, affair, and the danger seemed magnified by the tremendous noise of the valve every time it went-to on the return stroke

got well through.

My cousin now essayed the journey, and

at time, and for each to wait till the other had year with through.

My count now essayed the journey, and being, as he was, a sixteen-stone man, and being as the content of the sixteen of the sand arrival at the other side. Having waited for the next lind owater to run off, he in standly entered the pipe; but on getting half-way through, he turned his shoulders too square, and was for a few moments quite fact, and before becould right himself again queue being that the water was instantly dammed up to his face, and the candle put out. A violent struggle and an involuntary raising of the body allowed the water tog away; and he had fortunately just time tog children of the control of the state of the control of the

somether,"

The shaft in which we now stood was about a hundred and thirty yards in depth, and fifteen feet diameter, and in this arful place was the stupendous engine constantly going night and day, in a darkness made almost more invisible by our little candles.

And now came a serious question—Shall we return through that horrible pipe, or shall we accend by the ladders in the engine shaft? The alternative was as follows: If we went through the pipe, there was the stupendous eight of the good days of a side; and if by the main shaft, there was no sort of protection in case of a slip off a ladder; and these ladders were ranged one above another in lengths of about thirty feet, and as nearly as possible perpendicularly, with no sort of fence or guard. At the top of each length was made light of the candle were guard. At the top of each length was made light of the candle were guard. At the top of each length was made light of the candle were guard. At the top of each length was made light of the candle were the only restinglences. Darmon told us that if we decided to go by the main shaft we must, when once started, go by free must not strength to look down.

In the proper of the shaft of the good down and then the poor, shrivelled the village feet, to get a did not be the committee of the man as paperation on the first of the good down. The shaft of the good down and the transmitted of the good down and the strength of the good down and the good down and the strength of the good down and the strength of the good down and the good down and the g

After a few minutes' deliberation, we resolved to go up by the ladders. I went last; and what with the darkness, the tremendous noise of the engine when she took the stroke, and last, not least, an incident that I hough ride over to Authorps, and see the splendid hydraulic engine which had been recently erected for the purpose of draining the least-mines. My ardor was but slightly damped when I was told that an inspection of the engine was not to be accomplished without the hazard of a tiring and comparatively dangerous descent of the "climbing-way."

There were at the time I speak of but few hydraulic engines of the kind we proposed to visit, so the resolve to make the inspection was, in spite of its comparative danger to a novice, quickly formed. On arriving at the mine, we sent for the "captain" of the works, and under his directions, divested ourselves of all our clothes, and substituted the common working-dress of the miners; and each of us was furnished with a lump

"No."
"It is the great day of the races in the Park, you know."
"And what of that?"
"Are you not going?"
"I am tired of races."
"But it will be a splendid sight."
"I am tired of splendid sights."
"All the world will be there."
"I am tired of all the world."
"Oh, fie?"
"This room is insufferably hot. Give me my fan, Nancy."
"Permit me," said the old beau, as he hobbled to fetch it.
"It is a perfect oven! Open the casement, girl."
"Allow me?" and he flew as fast as his poor decrepit legs would carry him to execute the stern command.
"Mercy upon us! the wind blows in like a hurricane. Shut it again, or I shall catch my death of cold?"
And once more the venerable slave of this young noblewoman's caprices was making the best of his way serous the apartment to close the window, when suddenly a stentorian chorus was heard lustily singing.
"What is that?" inquired the Lady Henrictta, starting up with unwonted interest.
"It's the old statute fair song; it's very pretty," said Nancy.
"It's most deafening?" grumbled the ancient lord.
"How happy they seem?" murmured the

rumbling wheels over the newly-gravelled road.

"Yes, here we are at last?" repeated the other, as they descended.

"Take care of the mare, old fellow!" said the one of the new comers who appeared to be the eldet; "let her have a dry rub down, is a good feed of onts, a shake of sweet hay to fall back upon, and half a backet of spring water, with a handful of barley-meal stirred in it."

"All right, your honor!" answered the excivior, as he led the plain but substantial, conveyance away to the temporary stables at the back of the booth.

These two young men, although not brothers in blood, were vet bound together by the closest lies of affection. They were to both nearly of the same age, and possessed of similar tastes, habits and dispositions. The elder—a prosperous yeoman, named Planke—had, since the recent doat of his only surviving parent, become proprietor of a smug freshold farm, which had been in the go coupation of his family ever since the days of Henry VI. But the birth and parentage of the younger—Lionel—was abrounded in mystery.

During the sad troubles at the close of Queen Mary's disastrous reign and the advent of Elizabeth, he had one night been brought to Plunker's father by a stranger, who, leaving a heavy purse of gold, entreated hospitality for the bake, and vanished so quickly from the house as to preclude all hope of explanation. When the pure was opened it was also found to contain a ring enclosed in a scrap of parchiment, on which was written:—"Your kind care and fosterage is entreated for this infant, who may one day be called to high destinies. If, from any cause whatever, danger should threaten his life or his well-being, let this ring be conveyed to the Queen: it will protect him from all open or concealed enemies, however numerous or powerful. His name is Lionel."

The good old farmer and his wife received the founding thus strangely cast upon their care with open arms. They

was now momentarily expected to proclaim the fair open. "What a monstrous gibble-gabble! The Tower of Babel couldn't have been worse!"

Tower of Habel couldn't have been worse?"
exclaimed Plunket.

"Let us hire the two servants we require,
and be off home at once."

"With all my heart; but we must wait
until the statute-hiring is proclaimed open,
or the engagements wouldn't be binding."

"How long will it be?"

"Only a few minutes. It commences exactly as the clock atrices twelve. Have you
seen any you think likely to suit us?"

"Not yet," answered the other, glancing
around.

Ah, we miss our poor mother sadly !" "Me do, indeed!"
"We do, indeed!"
"As our three men continue with us, we nly require a female house-servant and a

dairy-maid."
"That is all." As the brothers wander up and down, As the bronches wanter up and rown, chatting pleasantly with some strong, buxom lassies they fancy likely to suit, the village clock strikes mid-day, the Sheriff makes his appearance on a platform in the centre of the green, and, at the last stroke of the hour, proclaims that the hirings may lawfully begin; the offictings and acceptaince of earnest.

ost-money, they had unwittingly made a length of the booth. The will blood, were we do hound to either boothers in blood, were we do hound to either boothers in blood, were we do hound to either boothers in blood, were we do hound to either a both marly of the same age, and possessed of similar tastes, habits and dispositions, it. The eider—a prosperous yeoman, named by the part of the same age, and possessed of similar tastes, habits and dispositions, it. The eider—a prosperous yeoman, named by the part of the same age is sufficient to a same probable.

CHAPTER II.

A PERLICUSUS STATION.

When the best bidered mistress and maid and resolving to make their except, by some parents of the younger—Linen—was abroaded in mystery.

Gueen Mary's disastrons ripus and the advent of Elizabeth, he had one night been brought to Plunket's father by a stranger, who, leaving a heavy purse of gold, entered to the same proper of gold

consolate servant-mains to seek their bed-rooms.

After waiting in mute expectation for a few moments, and listening to the receding footfalls, they got softly up from the sofs, peered about into all the cupboards, recess-es, and crannies of the old parlor and kitch-en, and then double-locked the doors, so that no one should enter without giving am-nle notice of approach.

that no one should enter without giving smple notice of approach.

They next proceeded, with great caution, to unclose the window shutters; and having effected this task with some difficulty, for they were of ponderous old, black oak, they found, to their great joy, that, with the help of a chair, easy admission could be gained into a garden, at the back of which nothing but an old quick-set hedge separated them from the high road.

Hitherto, both had kept profoundly silent. But now they had a whispered colloquy.

"Impossible! Oh, dear me! if the Queen knew of this, I should be lost! She would never admit me at court again. I should be hanished from her presence, and become the laughing-stock of all the courtiers. I should never survive it."

"Eh! Hark! Listen, my lady! What

that sound?"
"The noise of wheels." And getting louder and louder."

Yes, yes; nearer and nearer."
Mercy upon me! You hear it still, my Yes; and—and I think I see it." See what?"

"See what?"
"A carriage! Yes, it is a carriage! And stops not fifty yards off, where there ems to be a turning in another road." Our friends are on our track.

"Hush! some one descends from the carriage—it is Lord Tristan."

"He's a fine, noble, gouty old fellow. I declare I'll never make game of him again."

"He approaches—now he opens the garden gate—he enters. Hist!—hist! this way my lord."

den gate—he enters. Hist!—hist! this way, my lord."
There was a momentary pause of intense expectation, and then the poor, shrivelled face of the old nobleman made its appearance at the casement, with a grim Medusa frown upon it, that seemed quite sufficient to frighten the two poor, forlorn dames out of their wits.

But need we say it changed as if by magic into an enraptured smile, when the Lady Henrietta threw her magnificent arms round his neck, and greeted him, before he could utter one word, with a hearty kiss?

Never was the old nobleman so enchanted

Not one word more was spoken. In the dark, silent night they gitded out of the window, through the garden, down the lane, and rapidly ascending the carriage, were, by the help of four excellent horses, in less than a couple of hours confortably seated, chatting merrily, in the lady's drawing-

next morning, no words can describe their disappointment at finding the birds had flown, without leaving a single trace of their

CHAPTER III.

A HAPPY CONSUMMATION.

ture so lavishly clothed the neighborhood of that lovely village, near which the events of our tale occurred.

But at this period an incident took place, which had the effect of bringing about a sudden and complete alteration in his present position and future prospects.

As if by some strange magnetic sympathy, the mind of the Lady Henrietta, after the adventure of that memorable day and night whon she was conveyed to, and excaped from, the young farmer's dwelling, seemed to undergo some unaccountable change.

Formerly, she was listless, and oppressed by lassitude; now she had become restless and impressionable. The imperturbable good temper and kindliness which always marked her bearing to and intercourse with her servants and dependants, had given place to frequent ill-humor. Even her personal friends were occasionally subject to these sudden gusts of passion. Before last Michaelmas statute-fair, everybody said she was blessed with the most equable temperament in the world; now all was changed. The weather-cock on the summit of Richmond church-steeple was not more uncertain in its ever-varying movements.

It would seem as if a genial, gentle temper had been overwhelmed by fore. And it was to true. The young, high born lady had, during the short but eventful intercourse of that one day, unwittingly exchanged hearts with the young yeoman farmer.

Neither was aware of it at the time; both

ner. Neither was aware of it at the time; both

Neither was aware of it at the time; both found it out gradually afterwards.

Yes, the little god had taken excellent aim, notwithstanding his blindness. He had shot his arrows home. There was no help for it. The barb could not be withdrawn. The delicious barb had taken effect, and

The delicious barb had taken effect, and was coursing through every vein. So it was —so it flust be!

Magnatism is rapidly becoming a real science. Its vast powers, and its wondrous laws, are being fast developed; but will the knowledge of its profoundest professors ever enable them to unveil the laws which regulate and govern the magnatism of mutual affection? We doubt it.

Hitherto, both had kept profoundly silent. But now they had a whispered colloquy.

"Nancy?"

"What shall we do next?"

"Ah! what, indeed?"

"But where? I have no idea in what part of the country we are."

"And I am equally in ignorance."

"Who can we get to guide us from this lone place at such an hour?"

"I can't tell, I'm sure."

"Oh, my lady, this is very shocking."

"I to ktoradful?"

"And yet these farmers seem brave and honest men."

"Yes; and kindly ones, too."

"And very respectful."

"No doubt; but they appear quite determined not to part with us."

"Where did they put the horse and cart?"

"In the stable, I think; but we should never be able to get it out and harness it. And if we were, the noise of the rumbling old wheels would most certainly wake them."

"That's very true, my lady. Do you think we could get the horse out, and both ride away on that?"

"That's very true, my lady. Do you think we could get the horse out, and both ride away on that?"

"That's tell, I'm sure."

"That's very true, my lady. Do you think we could get the horse out, and both ride away on that?"

"Impossible! Oh, dear me! if the Queen knew of this, I should be lest! She would never admit me at court again. I should be would, in the course of no very long time, to the care of a kind-hearted farmer, deposited with him a ring, with instructions on the parchment in which it was ecolosed, that if ever the health or safety of the child should be sent to the Queen knew of this, I should be lest! She would never admit me at court again. I should be would, in the course of no very long time, to the care of a kind-hearted farmer, deposited with him a ring, with instructions on the parchment in which it to the care of a kind-hearted farmer, deposited with him a ring, with instructions on the parchment in which it to the Queen knew of this, I should be sent to the Queen knew of this, I should be lest! She would not removed, he would, in the course of no very long time, to the care of the c

any alteration in the love-lorn awaits a condition; that something was preying on the and ??

Oh, dear me! if the Queen should be lost! She would it at court again. I should be her presence, and become been presence, and become lock of all the courtiers. I rivive it."

When Plunket heard this unwelcome mews, he was deeply grieved and sorely perplexed. At first, he bethought him of progression and louder."

I ame! You hear it still, my ame! You hear it still, my ame! You hear it still, my and I think I see it."

A healthy live scences and day about two and a biff pounds of bits, outflows through the system is an earness of the more permanent vitalizing effect upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deed typing effect upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deed typing effect upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deed typing effect upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deeds upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deeds upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deeds upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deeds upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deeds upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deeds upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deeds upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deeds upon the neves. The glow which the very long time, deeds upon the neves. The glow which the very long effect upon the neves. The glow which the very long effect upon the neves. The glow which the very long effect upon the neves. The glow which the very long effect upon the neves. The glow which the very long effect upon the neves. The glow which the very long effect upon the neves the glow which the very long effect upon the neves the glow which the very long effect upon the neves the glow which the very long effect upon the neves the glow which the very long effect upon the neves the glow which the very long effect upon the neves the glow which the very long effect upon the neves the glow that the court

company him home, but intimated that she horself would send further directions on

horself would send further directions on the subject in the course of the following morning.

The next mid-day brought a royal command for Lionel's and Plunket's immediate personal attendance at the Palace; and on their arrival they found that this time the royal servants did not dare to bar their way. On the contrary, they were unhered into the prosence of the virgin Queen with the most profound demonstrations of respect.

"What can all this mean?" whispered the crowd of courtiers to each other, as they lined the antse-chamber of her Majesty's audience-room.

It meant that Lionel had, through the evidence which the ring afforded, become Earl of Derwent. Though his father, when under royal displeasure, had been obliged to fly for his life, he had since been discovered to be no traitor to the Crown, but a most true and loyal subject; and as he had long since died in exile, his only son and heir, Lionel, was now, of course, restored to the forfeited title and estates.

Need we say that the voung Earl speedily recovered from his melancholy proclivities, and married the Lady Henrietta; who also not only rapidly regained her equanimity and imperturbable good temper, but blessed their alliance with three pledges of love to cement and perpetuate their happy union.

Finally, the honest, hard-working yeoman, Plunket, who had never through life permitted any whims and fancies to divert him from his business, found a capital wife in saucy Nancy. He had loved her ever since she had given him that stinging box on the ears.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, PRECKLES AND TAN ask poor Bruggist for PRENT'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION—which is increase and in every case infallible; and also for his improved Compons and Pinria Ranner, the great fikin Medicine to cure Pimpiss, Black Breefe or Finshworms, or consult S. C. PEREY, the moted Shim Bootor, 49 Short street, New York.

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Cherre cretainly was Pr. Masters, the Queen's own physician, who was renowned through Europe for his profound professional knowledge and acumen. But he had long discontinued private practice. Still, perhaps, he might, by some means, be prevailed on to come.

At length, while sadly cogitating over the matter, it struck him that the time had come to make use of the ring.

The would take means to have it conveyed to her Majesty's hands. Lionel's health had been pronounced in imminent danger; the occasion had arisen to test the efficacy of its power. The crists had come—the Queen was even now at her polace at Kichmond. Dr. Masters would assuredly be there in a time and the proposed of the personne, which are the proposed of the personne of the superior of the superior of the personne of potson. Nature ties to establish which is the great electronal content of the matter, it struck him that the time had been pronounced in imminent danger; the occasion had arisen to test the efficacy of its power. The crists had come—the Queen was even now at her polace at Kichmond. Dr. Masters would assuredly be there in a time and the proposed of the superior of the su

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

Founded August 4th, A. D. 1821.

R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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R. J. C. WALKER

727 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA

Saturday Evening, June 6, 1874

# NEXT WEEK!

THE EBONY CASKET

The Raymond Inheritance.

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We have much plessure in announcing to our readers that next week we shall give them the opening chapters of

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This Social is full of incident and abounds in situations, the characters are drawn with a strong hand, and the plot is well worked up. It is, altogether, a work of ability and power, and cannot fail to rivet the attention

We confidently predict that

## THE EBONY CASKET

our subscribers, from whom we are daily receiving so many warm commendations. that this is an excellent opportunity for them

# SATURDAY EVENING POST

to all their friends. In the next week's in sue, in addition to the New Story above an nonneed, will be found many povelties and auractions, and we shall continue to publish. from time to time, Serials that will far celipse in interest all that we have hitherto

# THE POETRY OF CHEMISTRY.

Nature is a great laboratory, a necrosuar Nature is a great tanoratory, a necronan-tic palace of mutation. Yet with all the flitting and fading of her dead and living children, she still preserves the old familiar face, and looks upon us with the same sweet mother's smile which gladdened the hearts of the old thinkers, and cheerest the builders of the spirit to make Nature, her last of the ancient temples. Nature has but a

nidnight moans and summer laughter; the blue heaven, with its storms and starlight beauty, or the green earth, with its clustering woods and waving grasses, blossoming all over from pole to pole with a garment of living versure, still the same invisible forces were at work, weaving all things in a web of unity, and connecting the most incongruous things together. Hence, in their most mystic worship, and in the poets utterances of their untained hearts, they pictured nature under the various forms of Buddha, Vishnu, Osiria, Proteus, and Pan; all of them semiblue beaven, with its storms and starlight under the various forms of Buddha, Vishna, Chsira, Proteius, and Pan; all of them sym-bols of the same thought, and representing the creative power which for ever and ever transmits one form into another, and evokes from corruption and death the creatures of rom corruption and death the creaming is now creation. The story of the Phonix is the story of the world, and as one form rumbles into ashes, another starts from the push on the series of utilities. As says the

such to the series of the first has not been alive.

Where is the down that has not been alive.

The spade, the plough, distarts our abreaute.

From better means much we read our fails bread.

The globe abreaud sactio bullow surface shakes,
And is the celling of the elseping surface shakes.

Our fermetations we billed reveals keep.

Whole unfeet toware support the disnov's heel."

Our densitations we tilled revels keep:
Whose buriest towns engager till dancery heel.
Chemical laws operate upon the minute atoms of which bodies are composed; and as all the atoms of matter have a spherical or globular form, the attractions and repulsions of atomic particles enhibit a close analogy to the attractions and repulsions of the worlds. It is possible, indeed, that there is but one attraction and one chemical law, and the phenomenon of an atom may be reputated in the dewletch, in the bubble on the stream, and in the floating world. There is more poetry in the alembia and the lost tabe than the worldsy deman about.

In one direction the carriers workers are probing the secrets of Nature, and unraveding one by one the mystic threads that run through all her fabrications; and in another, past minds are arranging and diffusing the

facts which the former have made known, that all the world may become inheritors of the new possession, and dwell with increased joy on the contemplation of these new trustures of the Almighty's handiwork. If the imaginings of the early world were brilliant and starting, the facts of modern chemists are imbased with a poetry more lofty still, while they have for their basis the solid ground of truth, and stand asparated by a wide golf from the fantasies of faction. What original faction of aerial temples, or rainbow daughters of the sky, can for a moment be compared with the simple chemistry of the atmosphere, or the rainbows themselves? This soft, universal, asure mudulum in which the round world swings, and which holds the seas in its arms, letting them fall drop by drop in fatness to the earth, or that spanning archway of the angels, formed by militons of separate particles of rain, each particle a prism, which cuts up the rays of light into separate particles of rain, each particle a prism, which cuts up the rays of light into separate parts, and explains their anatomy and their colors? Indeed, there is more wonder in truth than in falle, and now next verty in fort than in falle, and more wonder in truth than in fable, and more poetry in fact than in fiction.

### SITTING IN SUNSHINE.

"To sit in sonshine, calm and sweet, is an excellent thing for an invalid."

These words not the eye of Mr. Stephen strongway, as he glanned over the pages of book, taken at random from the table in

his wife sparior.

"To sit in sunshine calm and sweet.
That would be a beautiful existence indeed,
even taken only in a physical sense of the
words; while to sit all the time in meatol

Mr. Strongway dropped his head upon his , and a sigh stole almost unconsciously his lips at the thought.

He was worthy of his name—a alroag man neutally and physically, and with all astrong nan's impatience of, not to say contempt for reakness, in whatever form it was mani-

Mrs. Strongway was a delicate creature—
toxing, trustful and timid. She was overwhelmed by her husband's contempt of
weakness, and shrank from exhibiting her,
affection towards him; and she and her children drooped under the chill which he
shadow of his stateliness constantly kept
upon his home.

But now Alicia, his wife, was ill—dying;
and his thoughts were tuned to softer strains,
and the sentence, "To sit in sunshine, calm
and sweet, is an excellent thing for an invalid," struck home to his immost soul. His
wife had never had any sunshine of home,
or of love, in which to lask; but he resolved
it should be so no longer.

Alicia's early home at the sea-side was
for sale; and if she wished it it, he would
purchase the old house, as a summer retreat
in future years for herself and her children.
In future years? Nay, what had the
grave-faced family doctor told him only that
very day! He dashed the tears impatiently
from his eyes. The doctor must be mistaken.
Alicia could live! It was not yet too late to
repair the rawages his coldness and unkindness had made. Even as he thought this, a Mrs. Strongway was a delicate creature

repair the ravages his coldness and unkind-ness had made. Even as he thought this, a hollow cough struck upon his ear, and his wite crossed the hall and entered the parlor. "Alicia," he said, gently, "you are very

ill."
She looked up at him, and her soft brown

will be immensely popular with all who read it.

We take this opportunity of saying to dear. He has told me that you are dying."

"Yes, Stephen."

And the brown eyes looked into his wistfully, as if saying, "Do you care?"

"You knew this, Alicia?"

"You knew this, Alicia?"
"I have known it for some time—long before he discovered it, Stephen."
The question was on his lips now:—"Do you care, Alicia?"
The soft eyes filled once more.

The soft eyes filled once more.

"Oh, Stephen, I dread to leave you and
ir dear children. I have loved you so!
may say it without offending you, now that
or know I am dying."

"God forgive me!" he cried. "Have I

you know I am dying."

"God forgive me," he cried. "Have I then been so unkind that you have feared to tell me of your love till now?"

"You have not been unkind, Stephen," she hastened to say, "Only—I think men do not quite understand a woman's heart sometimes. It is so necessary for us to love, and to be loved, and to show that love, Stephen, and to have it shown, that—"

"That I see it all, my darling, and know now exactly just how great the mischief is and how it has been done," said her husband, clasping her to his heart. "Forgive me, my darling. We will go from here at once, to your old home where we first knew and loved each other, and I will see if I cannot bring the lost roses back to these cheeks, the

to a airmide in which to elaborate her new forms; and yet with this poverty of means does also trick out all the world in sevens of delicious beauty, and hedge round the waking thoughts of men with wonder upon wonder.

When men woke up from barbarism and night, and began to contemplate the beauty of the world, they saw that amid the motitiplicity of colors and of forms, and in the endies metamorphoses of things around them, that whether they looked upon the granite peaks pierving the blue heaven with thour heavy purnacies; the wild sea, with its midnight means and summer laughter; the sanishine of her husband's love. It never waned again. And she and her children have lost all their fear of him, in this strangely altered state of things; while all who have business dealings with him of late, can scarvely recognise the once stern and haughty and masterful man.

"To sit in the sunshine, calm and sweet," in the strange of the sunshine of the strange of the stran

is indeed "good for an invalid"—it is good for all. Reader, if in that blessed heart-sun-bine you sit to-day, thank heaven humbly for the gift; for some there are on whose darkened paths no ray of radiance—no giance of true affection ever falls.

# MOTHERS, SPEAK KINDLY.

Children eatch cross tones quicker than parrots, and they often become permanent habits in them. When mother sets the example, you will searcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with seek with the children in their plays with such other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The chidren expect justs on much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or the decided look of her steady eye, is law, they always think of obscience, either in or out of sight. Oh, mother? It is worth a good deal to cultivate that excellent thing in woman, a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischierous or within pranks of the little obe, speak low. It will be a great being to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot exceed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens at all; they make then only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that ions when your headis under the turf. So, too, will they remember a harsh and angry tone. What legucy will you leave to your children's nature. The box Spring, or something else; the applie, it may be come thing else; the applie, it may be come that into the world.

Ah well, we suppose that simple prossic truth is more valuable in the page of that the cannot rever so much tried by the mischievous or within pranks of the little obe, speak low. It will be a great being to you cannot accessed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good is miscally that Antiquarius had gone stone-blind before he turned his curious, prying even upon the great with that Antiquarius had gone stone-blind before he turned his curious, prying even upon girl. Praise of your beauty. The lovellest creature he ever saw? Extended the first probability of the intended to first the proposition of the linknowable, and the first the proposition of the linknowable, but rejects that writer a dogma of his theory. He thinks with seed to be probably the probable of the linknow Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or the decided look of her stendy eye, is law, they always think of obscience, either in or out of sight. Oh, mother: it is worth a good deal to cultivate that execilent thing in woman, a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ofte, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your family is always weak and irregular.

### SONG

BY PAULINE CALVEST

The face, my love, is like the flowers and songs and some of Junede drawn of oversions morning hours, Of memmer time and tone. How bright agest those harrhest size, Within those duffer days. The fecusity lengths and blooms, and wears like gross of June always!

Then daughter of that fit wery time, Which leads the months of sun, I sing to thee a song a bose rhysse Thy leveliness has von. (N. Messed is the first light And fiducate of youth To dismand such clearer comes the si-

dinamed souls clearer comes the night Of God and Heaven's truth. WILLIAM TELL.

We do not know whether the learned men of Switzerland have entirely given up-their faith in the historical character of William Tell, but we believe there is little doubt that the sages of Germany have rough him, by a large majority, a legend or a myth.

It is a nity—for if there ever was a char-

It is a pity,—for if there ever was a char

myth.

It is a pity,—for if there ever was a character/frawn in glowing and generous colors, and which was calculated to encourage the growth of all that is noble and patriotic in the youthful mind, it was that of Yell.

We remember well the enthusiasm with which when a boy we read the life of the Swiss hero by Florian. Of course we read it with implicit faith, for not a word had then been breathed calculated to throw the least shadow of doubt upon the perfect truthfulness of the narrative. How the three patriots met on the shore of the lake, in the obscurity and security of night, to plan the deliverance of their country from the hateful yoke of Austria. And then of the wicked Goder, and his cap hung upon a pole in the market piace, to which every one was expected to render obeisance. How Tell refused. And how the tyrant commanded him, on pain of instant death, to prove his skill as an archer by piercing with an arrow the apple placed upon the head of his child. How the heroic father at first refused, and then consented to the cruel test, and was successful. And then, in answer to Grosler, when the lattite asked what he had taken the second arrow for:—"To pierce thy heart, tyran, in case my unhappy hand had failed in its skill, and shain my pierce thy heart, tyrant, in case my unhappy hand had failed in its skill, and slain my

Then the storm upon the lake of Uri Then the storm upon the lake of Uri, when Tell was being conveyed to prison by ticsler and his myrmidons—and the appeal to Tell by the frightened Austrians to take the heim and save them. The reader saw the hero grasp the helm, steer the boat to the side of a flat rock, spring on the land, and, as he fled, let fly an arrow that pierced the tyrant to the heart, and almost of itself delivered Switzerland.

And now, the historians say that it is all a legend or a myth! No such man as William Tell ever lived. Even the name of Tell is not found in the Swiss annals. If it be as they say, the more is the pity.

Tell is not found in the Swiss annals. If it be as they say, the more is the pity. Antiquarius looks into his musty tomes, and informs us with a slightly sarcastic smile that he finds some contemporary accounts of the overthrow of the Austrian power in Switzerland, but nothing about Tell, or any of his marvellous adventures the apple included. Only as the centuries roll doos he begin to hear of Tell and his wonderful doings. And the further off the historians are from the time these romantic things happened, the more they seem to know alput them—until finally they could almost describe to you the color of his coat and breeches.

Antiquarius says that he doubts habitually

almost describe to you the color of his coal and breeches.

Antiquarius says that he doubts habitually all history of which the contemporaneous annalists know nothing, and writers who lived several hundreds of years afterwards everything. Antiquarius is not a poet—he is nothing if not critical.

Tell is said to have performed that feat of shooting the apple in 1207. But a Panish writer, named Saxo Grammarl; who lived one to two hundred years before that, relates the same story of a skillful archer named Toki and King Harold Bluetooth. In this case Toki also takes a second arrow for the King, and makes the same reply when asked what he had intended to do with it. A similar story is also told in Norwegian A similar story is also told in Norwegian history of King Olaf and a heathen named history of King Olaf and a heathen named Eindridi—and this time it happened in 1030. It is also told of Hemingr, another Norse archer, who flourished in 1065. And again, in the Faroe lales, of Geyti, Aslak's son—it being a nut in this and other cases, instead of an apple, and therefore even more wonderful. The ancient verse says, accordng to Antiquarius:

"the the string the shaft he laid, And that hath heard his prayer He shot the little nut away. Nor hurt the lad a heir.

"List thee, Gerti, Aslah's son, And truly tell to me, Wherefore had then acrows twain Within the wond with thee?"

"Therefore had I arrows twain Within the wood with me, Had I but hurt my brother dear. The other had pierced thee."

same story, a little varied, is also found in the poetry of Attar, a Persian who flourished in the early part of the tweifth

Whereupon Antiquarius concludes that the existence of the same story in so many kindred nations proves that it was one of the household legends that belonged to their Argan progenitors, in the old family home on the high table-lands of Central Asia.

on the high table-tands of Central Asia.

Something of the kind might really have happened hundreds if not thousands of years before the Swiss rising against the Austrian power. But the learned German savants, of course, find in the whole story simply an ancient myth—Tell being but a representation of Apollo, the sun-god; the arrow probable frest or neghans the lightning, the ably frost, or perhaps the lightning; the omething else; the apple, it boy Spring, or something may be, some kindred to

### LUCILLA'S LOVE LETTERS.

"Are there any more of these letters."

When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Larvilla Richarond could not say "no," and dared not my "yes," and as in intermediate course burst into fears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered him, as indeed she had, and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on the shoulder.

"Please don't be hard with her, my dear," the said, coaxingly. "He's a very nice young man, and it is our fault, after all, as much as here; and you won't break her

as hers; and you won't break her

heart, I'm sure,"
" Perhips you approve of the whole affair,
no'am," said Mr. Richmond.
" I --no-that is, I only---" gasped the
little woman; and hearing Lacita coming,
he sank into a chair, blanning herself dreadshe sank into a chair, blanting bresself dread-fully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons for the past year. For all this disturbance came of a music master—a black-eyeck young mm, who had given lessons to Miss Lucillia Richmond for welve months, and who had taken the inberty of falling in love with her, knowing, well that she was the daughter of one of the releast more hants in the city.

richest merchants in the city.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music master, who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared; and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen noto his hands as he might a scorpion, and watted for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, just six little white envelopes, tied with blue ribbon, and were laid at his clow by his despairing daughter. He guthered them up with scorn.

"Look these up until I return home this evening," he said to his wife; "I will read them then. Meanwhile, Lucilla is not to see this music master on any pretence." richest merclants in the city.

see this music master on any pretence."

And then Lucilla went down upon her

And then Luchla went down upon her knees.

"Oh, dear papa," she cried; "dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him. I couldn't bear it, indeed I could not. He's poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa,"

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond, rising, "He has been artful enough to make you think him perfection, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happinesse. A music master is not a match for Miss Richmond," With which remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcont, and took his way towards those mysterious precincts known to

owards those mysterious precincts known to women-kind in general only as "the City.

"Fred is so romante, and pape mane."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond.
"Such letters as he wrote to me! I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I retused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know); and I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

But that he would she dared not promise. But that he would she dared not promise, She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down, and then went up into her own room to put the letters into her dosk; and as she placed them in one pretty pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle tied just as those were, and drew them

band, angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence.— Then having adjourned to the drawing-room, much as an executioner and a couple of culprits might have proceeded to the gallows, Mr. Richmond seated, himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded the letters. Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it back with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond repeated still more sternly, Mr. Richmond repeated still more sternly,
"Those absurd letters, if you please, ma'am?"
And then the little woman faitered out,
"I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I think
I have them;" and she gave him a white
pile of envelopes encircled with blue ribbon,
with a hand that trembled like an aspen-leaf.
"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent.
"I am shocked that a child of mine could
practise such dunlicity. Hem! let me see.

Tam shocked that a child of mine could practise such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us, Lucilla. Let me see! Ah! 'From the first moment be adored you,' ch? Non-sense! People don't fall in love in that above in the property of the property o

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that sort," murmured poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would ob-

Lacella. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous." he cried. "I'll go to the rascal this instant.—I'll horsewhip him! As for you, by Jove, Protostant or not, I'll send you to a convent! Elope! clope with a music-master! I'm ashamed to call you a daughter! Where's my hat? Here, John, come here! I.—"

But here Lucilla caught one arm, and Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Oh, papa, Asre you gone crazy?" said

Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Ob, papa, lare you gone erazy?" said Lucilla. "Frederick nerer proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Ob, papa, this is sof Fred"—upon my word, it is not! Do look, picase—it is dated twenty years back—and Frederick's name is not Charlas! Papa, these are your love-letters to manuma, written so long ago! Her name is Lucilla, you know."

you know!"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair

you know."

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm-chair in sience, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said, sternly.

Mrs. Richmond, retreating futo a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, subbed out, "I did it on purpose," and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment.

But, hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and to creep up to her husband timidly.

"You know, Charkes," she said, "it's so long ago, we are both altered a good deal, and I thought you might not exactly remember how you fell in love with see at first sight, and how papa and mamma objected, and how at last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plain as it was then, we must let dear Lucilla marry the man she likes—who is nice, if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself—women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been very happy, have we not?"

And, certainly, Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So, Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little stratagem next morning. It was favorable to the young music-master, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as to propose an elopement; and, in die course of time, the two were married with all the

mental, and had not gone half so far as to propose an elopement; and, in due course of time, the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuprials of a wealthy aperchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father, and to the great joy of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little stratagem had brought about all her daughter's kappiness.

### LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

women-kind in general only as "the City."
Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.
"It's so maughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But oh, dear, I con't blame you; it was just so with me. I ran away with your paps, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so very nice. I wish I could soften your paps."

"When he has seen the letters, there'll be no hope, I'm alraid," sobbed Lucilla.—
"Fred is so romantic, and paps hates romance."
"He used to be very romantic himself in What cares Cupid for Cates—cates with the items, the epicurean food last mentioned is of itself excellent love-in-a-cottage fare. What cares Cupid for Cates—cates with the C we mean, for kates with a K are a different matter. He laughs larders as well as locksmiths to secorn. He feeds on fancies, and, like his bilious brother Jeulousy, grows by what he feeds on. Such at least is the sentimental notion of that-pooney little divinity, as the guest of a cottage tenanted by a cashless pair.

But sober Prose—a bluff fellow that delights in throwing cold water on the beautiful and the tendor—suggests that moneyless couples, who hope to retain love as a permanent lodger, had better look to their windows, out of one of which, if nothing for dinner comes in at the door, he is apt to fly. Any one who has seen a portrait of the boy

bundle tied just as those were, and drew them out.

Those were letters to a Lucilla also—one who had received them twenty years before; and she—now a matron old chough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers letters were all so much alike.

Just half a dozen. Just the same number—and much more desperate than those the music-master had written to her daughter. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by a look or a word she never had attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the deek she kooked guilty and frightened, as something in her pocket rustled as she moved. And she said nothing to my one one the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it her husband, angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence.

Any one who has seen a portrait of the boy Cupid, and noted his chubbiness of outline, must know of course that he is no chamelen, to live on air. From a cottage, where there is nothing to eat, and more sentiment to live on air. From a cottage, where there is nothing to eat, and energy, he is pretty sure to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search than industry and energy, he is pretty sure to make off at the first opportunity in search to make off at the first opportunity in search there is mothered to make off at the first opportunity Any one who has seen a portrait of the boy Cupid, and noted his chubbiness of outline

In the definitions that have been given of In the definitions that have been given of man, both sexes have generally been comprehended. Thus, when we say that a man is a laughing animal, or a cooking animal, we include woman in the category. But it has recently been insisted that in defining the species, we ought to make at least one special moral distinction between the genders. Woman, it is alleged, is a borgoining animal, while man is not. We are inclined to think that this resition is well taken.

every class, would much rather deal with you than your wife. They may say " she beats them down;" but the truth is, that she gets their commedities at a fair price, while you, in your lordly, off-hand way, pay whatever they are pleased to ask, without question or remonstrance, and thereby su-perinduce that

"—consummation of all earthly file."

Love is not ripened in one day, nor many, nor even in a human lifetime. It is the oueness of soul with soul in appreciation and perfect trust. To be blessed, it must rest in that faith in the divine which underlies every other emotion. To be true, it must be eternal.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE ladies of London are now wearing to Disraeli curl.

ACCORDING to a recent published state-ment, the number of failures in the United States for 1672 was 4069; total liabilities, \$121,056,000. For 1873, 6183; total liabil-ities, \$228,409,000.

Amono the European eco Anono the European economics is the gathering up of segar-tipe, cut off before smoking. In Dantzic one boy is fed, clothed and schooled, each year, from the proceeds, and in Berlin a small asylum is supported by them.

The present year being generally accepted as the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of the art of printing into England, a public exhibition of antiquities and curiosities connected with the art is to be held at London, in June pext.

As it stands, the Tichborne property, which was so stoutly contested for by the claimant," will all be absorbed by the charges of the lawyers for the defence. So that it really mattered little how the case went, ina-much as there was nothing left for either side. REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER makes

this comprehensive reply to an anxious questioner who is desirous of knowing whether a man can love his second wife as well as the first: "That depends on what sort of a wife the first was, and what kind of a life the second leads him."

a life the second leads him."

THE value of a husband in Kentucky, has been legally adjudged at eighty-five dollars. To be sure the husband's name was Gudgell, which may partially account for the low price put upon him; but one would think that even a Gudgell would be worth more than eighty-five dollars.

Dr. Brows-Sequency thinks that some pools have two begins the right and the

pm. Isrown-sequence thinks that some people have two brains, the right and the left. According to the law of comprehension this should be so. Very many persons have very little brain "left," and that little is not altogether "right." Philosophers as well as physiologists, have also noted that there are beings who have no brain at all.

THE Franklin Institute of Philadelphia has resolved to celebrate the fiftieth year of its foundation by an exhibition of art and manufactures, to be held in that city from the 6th to the 31st of October next. The manufacturers and inventors of the United States have been invited to contribute to the proposed display, and compete for the prizes.

proposed in plany, and compete for the prizes.

READ, O humane poultry-keepers, of the successful treatment of a chicken benumbed by cold and weakened by hunger, after having been left neglected by a careless hen upon a frosty morning. The chick was placed before a fire, and a few drops of brandy and water were administered. After the first dose, the second "went down as though the chick rather liked it," and in the evening it was returned to the nest as well and astrong as the others which went not astray. But it has forfeited forever the respect of the temperance crusaders; all that it can plead is that it is a Brahma chicken.

plead is that it is a Brahma chicken.

It is a curious fact that while some people have a strong antipathy for cats others are extravagantly foul of them. A writer in "Chambers' Journal" tells of one Captain Logan who could not endure the sight of a cat or a kitten, and though a tall, strong man, would climb upon a chair if a cat entered the room, not daring to come down until the creature was removed from his presence. On the other hand one Mrs. Griggs, who lived in Edinburg, kept in her house no loss than eighty-eix living cats, and had besides, twenty-eight dead once in glass cases, immortalized by the art of the taxidermist.

The crowing of a hen is thought to be ominous of something unusual being about to happen to its owners; but in this case the omen is not necessarily a bad one, as it seems to be considered in some parts of England at the present day. It will, perhaps, hardly be believed—but it is a fact nevertheless—that during the summer of last year and only some sixty miles from London, when an unfortunate hen took to crowing, the neighbors in their superstitious terror forced its owner to wring its neck, being under the impression that that cruel processing alone could save them from the evil which they fancied was impending over them. THE crowing of a hen is the

THE TWO ANGELS.-A traveler THE Two ANGELS.—A traveler who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervish; and it seems even more beautiful than Sterne's beautiful figures of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Everyman," said the dervish, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is well done is well done forever. When he does evil he waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head and exclaims: 'Gracious man bows his head and exclaims: 'Graci-Alla, I have sinned, forgive me? the angel rubs out the record; but, if not, at mid-night he seals it, and the beloved angel on his right shoulder weeps."

the species, we ought to make at least one special moral distinction between the genders. Woman, it is alleged, is a bargaining animol, while man is not. We are inclined to think that this position is well taken. It ims been viciously said the incomparable sex is addicted to acardal, to the disclosure of secrets, to groundless jealousy, and to extravagance in dress, all of which charges we, on behalf of the better portion of the genus, pronounce libelous; but that woman likes to drive a bargain it were useless to deny.

Married reader of the imperative sex, if you want to be clothed, lodged, and fed on the cheapest possible terms, let your wife be your domestic factor. There is nothing every which she knows the value that she cannelly purchase at a lower price that the cannel with a peculiar faculty which you lack, or which, at least, you possess only in an inferior degree—manely, her bargaining faulty. Batchers, bakers, grocers, sheemakers, furniture-dealers, retail traders of every class, would much rather deal with you than your wife. They may say "she beats them down;" but the truth is, that she late is a supplied to the product of the sate than your can. They may say "she beats them down;" but the truth is, that she late is a supplied to the produced amounting to \$2,400,000. The tics produ

The subject of steam lanes across the At-lantic, or well defined routes for ocean steamships voyaging between America and Europe, is attracting renewed attention, in consequence of the recent disasters. The object is to have different tracks to be pur-sued by the eastward and westward bound steamers, so that they will not come into col-lision, whilst the facet that are proceeding in either direction will at the same time be kept on comparatively the same track, and in either direction will at the same track, and the vessels in case of disaster can aid each other. Four or five steamers now leave each side of the Atlantic every day, the chief travel being between New York and Liverpool. A number of the leading lines have aiready adopted different routes for their eastern and western bound traffic, and the indication is that the practice will come into general use, without any legal emactment on the subject, either by England or this country. Everything that has a tendency to lessen the risk of marine disaster should be encouraged—safety being a paramount consideration to speed in an ocean veyage.

### ONE WEEK AFTER.

BY MAUD.

than here you stood, and a week has gine;
There's a desper tings in the hyarinth's pick,
to grame in givener upon the law u.

Xonr. spee are optiling, and yed, I think—

h, wennes heart—that they wer but III
The upot where my ventured hope was shain:

I blame you, then? May, h bleem you still,

Ried she pange of loss, for the small, avent gain

bless your hand for its gentle touch, Your voice for its caim, jow tones th

Blame? Nay, if a blossessions tree could mistake A flower, wind-blown from some garden ufar. For its own white beauty, and give for its sake, Proids and happy as typewhed note a real-could it chiefe the flower for its own fond some find. When the alsest withered and dropped and fell? So I large my dead hope here at our feet, With only a blossing "—bweetheart, farewell.

EAST LYNNE:

# THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

[This Serial was commenced in No. 31. Back numbers one is obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or silvect from this office.]

# CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. CARLYLE INVITED TO SOME PATE DE

A sighted morning wind swept round the domains of East Lynne. Bending the tall poplar-trees in the distance, swaying the oak and elms nearer, rustling the fine old chesinuits in the park; a melancholy, swepping fitful wind. The weather had changed from brightness and warmth, and heavy, gathering clouds seemed to be threatening rain; so at least, deemed one wayfarer, who was journeying on a solitary road, that Saturday night.

was journeying on a solitary road, that Saturday night.

He was on foot. A man attired in the garb of a sailor, with black, curling ringlets of hair, and black curling whiskers; a prodigious pair of whiskers, hiding partially his face. The glazed hat, brought low upon his brows, concaled it still more; and he wore a loose, rough pea-jacket and wide rough tronsers hitched up with a belt. Bearing steadily on, he struck into Bean-lane, a by-way already mentioned in this history, and from thence passing through a small, unfrequented gate, he found himself in the grounds of East Lyune.

"Let me see," mused he, as he closed the gate behind him, and slipped the holt. "The covered walk? That must be near the acacia trees. Then I must wind round to the right. I wonder if either of them will be there, waiting for me?"

I wonder if either of them waiting for me?"

Yes. Pacing the covered walk in her bonnet and mantle, as if taking an evening stroll—had any one encountered her, which was very unlikely, seeing that it was the most retired spot in the grounds—was Mrs. Carlyte.

oh, Richard! my poor brother!" Locked in a yearning embrace, emotion overpowered both. Barbara sobbed like a child. A little while, and then he put her

child. A little while, and then he put her from him, to look at her.

"So Barbara, you are a wife now!"

"Oh, the happiest wife? Richard, sometimes I ask myself what I have done, that God should have showered down blessings so great upon me. But for the sad trouble when I think of you, my life would be as one long summer's day. I have the sweetest baby—nearly a year old he is now; I shall have another soon, (god willing. And Archibald—oh, I am so happy!"

She broke suddenly off with the name "Archibald," not even to Richard could she speak of her intense love for, and happiness in her husband.

"How is it at the Grove?" he asked.

How is it at the Grove ?" he asked.

"How is it at the Grove?" he asked.

"Quife well; quite as usual. Mamma has been in better health lately. She does not know of this visit, but"—

"I must see her," interrupted Richard.
"I did not see her last time, you remember."
"All in good time to talk of that. How are you getting on in Liverpool? What are you doing?"

"Don't inquire too closely, Barbara. I have no regular work, but I get a job at the docks, now and then, and rub on. It is seasonable help, that, which comes to me occasionally from you. Is it from you or Carlyle?"

Barbara laughed. "How are we to disinguish? His money is mine now, and mine is his. We don't have separate purses, Richard; we send it to you jointly."

"Sometimes I have fancied it came from my mother."

r mother." Barbara shook her head. "We have never allowed mamma to know that you left Lon-don, or that we hold an address where we can write to you. It would not have been

"Why have you summoned me here, Bar-bara? What has turned up? "Thorn has—I think. You would know him again, Richard ?"

now him!" passionately echoed Richard Hare

ard Hare.

"Were you aware that a contest for the membership is going on at West Lynne?"

"I saw it in the newspapers. Carlyle against Sir Francis Levison. I say, Barbara, how could be think of coming here to oppose Carlyle after his doings with Lady Isabel?"

oppose Carlyle after his doings with Lady Isabel?"

"I don't know," said Barbara. "I wonder that he should come here for other reasons also. First of all, Richard, tell me how you came to know Sir Francis Levison. You say you did know him, and that you had seen him with Thorn."

"So I do know him," answered Richard, "and I saw him with Thorn twice."

"Know him by sight only, I presume. Let me hear how you came to know him."

"He was pointed out to me. I saw him walk arm-in-arm with a gentleman, and I showed them to the waterman at the cabstand hard by. 'Do you know that fellow."

I asked him, indicating Thorn, for I wanted to come at who he really is—which I didn't do. 'I don't know that one,' the old chap answered, 'but the one with him is Levison the baronet. They are often together—a couple of swells, both.' And a couple of swells they looked."

"And that's how you got to know

Richard stared at her win an armonic Monsense, Barbara."

"He is. I have not doubted it ever since the night you saw him in Bean-lane. The action you described, of his pushing back his hair, his white handa, his sparking diamend ring, could only apply, in my mind, to see person—Francis Levison. On Thursday I drove by the Raven, when he was speechifying to the people, and I motical the

as the other, though—have turned out to be the same."

"They have, Richard, as it appears, Nevertheless it may be as well for you to take a private view of Levisson before any-thing is done—as you once did by the other Thorn. It would not do to make a stir, and then discover that there was a mistake—that he was not Thorn."

"When can I see him?" asked Richard, caperly.

he was not Thorn."

"When can I see him?" asked Richard, eagerly.

"It must be contrived somehow. Were you to hang about the doors of the Rayen—this evening, even—you'd be sure to get the opportunity, for he is always passing in and out. No one will know you, or think of you, either; their heads are turned with the election."

"I shall look odd to people's eyes. You don't get many sailors in West Lynne."

"Not odd at all. We have a Russian bear here at present, and you'll be nobody beside him."

"A Rus ian bear "" repeated Richard, while Barbara laughed.

"Mr. Olway Bethel has returned in what is popularly supposed to be a bear's hide; hence the new name he is greeted with. Will it turn out, Richard, that he had anything to do with the murder?"

Richard shook his head.

"He couldn't have had, Mr. Carlyle; I have said so all along. But about Levison. If I find him to be the man Thorn, what steps can then be taken?"

"That's the difficulty," said Mr. Carlyle.
"Who will set it agoing. Who will move in it?"

"Who will set it agoing. Who will move

in it?"
"You must, Richard."
"I." uttered Richard Hare, in consternation. "I move in it?"
"You, yourself. Who else is there? I have been thinking it well over, and can hit upon no one."

upon no one."

"Why, won't you take it upon yourself,
Mr. Carlyle?"

"No. Being Levison," was the quiet

"Why, won't you take it upon yourself, Mr. Carlyle?" was the quiet answer. Curse him? impetnously retorted Richard. "Curse him? impetnously retorted Richard. "Curse him doubly if he be the double willain. But why should you scruple, Mr. Carlyle? Most men, wronged as you have been, would leap at the opportunity for revenge." "For the crime perpetrated upon Halliphan in gative has cost me something. Many a time, since this appearance of his at West Lynne, have I been obliged to lay violent on the whipped him within an ace of his life."

"If you had horsewhipped him to death the would only meet his deserts." "I leave him to a higher retribution—to me who says, 'Vengeance is mine.' I believe him to be guilty of the murder, but his diagraceful death, I would ite down my hand rather than lift it, for I could not, as in my own mind, separate the man from the injury. Though I might ostensibly pursue him as the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he would appear ever as the destroyer of another, and the world, always charitable, will be the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he would appear ever as the destroyer of another, and the world, always charitable, and from the injury. Though I might ostensibly pursue him as the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he would appear ever as the destroyer of another, and the world, always charitable, and from the injury. Though I might ostensibly pursue him as the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he would appear ever as the destroyer of another, and the world, always charitable, and from the injury. Though I might ostensibly pursue him as the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he would appear ever as the destroyer of another, and the world, always charitable, and from the injury. Though I might ostensibly pursue him as the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he will be the mine of the pursue him as the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he will be pursue him as the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he will be pursue him as the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he will be pursue him as the destroyer of Hallijohn, to me he wil

"By no means," said Mr. Carlyle. "The one who ought to act in this is your father, Richard; but we know he will not. Your mother cannot. She has neither health nor energy for it; and if she had a full supply of both, she would not dare to brave her husband and true them in the cause. Mr. of both, she would not dare to brave her husband and use them in the cause. My hands are tied: Barbara's equally so, as part of me. There only remains yourself."

"And what can I do?" wailed poor Dick.

"If your hands are tied, I'm sure my whole body is, speaking in comparison; hands, and legs, and neck. It's in jeopardy, that is, every hour."

nance gave no clue by which anything could be gathered.

A thought flashed across Richard's mind; a thought which rose up on end even his false hair. "Mr. Carlyle!" he uttered, in an accent of horror, "if Ball should take it up in that way against Levison, he must apply to the bench for a warrant."

"Well!" quietly returned Mr. Carlyle.

"And they'd send and clap me into prison! You know the warrant is always out against me."

"You'd never make a conjurer, Richard. I don't pretend to say, or guess, at what Ball's proceedings may be. But, in applying to the bench for a warrant against Levison—should that form part of them—is there any necessity to bring you in? to say, 'Gentlemen, Richard Hare is within reach, ready to be taken." Your fears run away with your common sense, Richard."

"Ah, well; if you had lived with the cord around your neck this many a year, not knowing, any one hour, but it might get tied the next, you'd lose your common sense too, at finess' humidly suched noor Richard.

knowing, any one hour, but it might get tied the next, you'd lose your common sense too, at times," humbly sighed poor Richard. "What's to be my first move, sir?"
"Your first move, Richard, must be to go to this place of concealment, which you know of, and remain quiet there until Mon-day. On Monday, at dosk, be here again. Meanwhile, I will see Ball. By the way, though, before speaking to Ball, I must hear from yourself that Thorn and Levison are one."

"I will go down to the Raven at once,"
"I will go down to the Raven at once,"
eagerly cried Richard. "I'll come back
here, to this walk, as soon as I have obtained
sight of him." With the last words he
turned, and was speeding off, when Barbara
caucht him.

turned, and was speeding off, when Barbara caught him.

"You will be so tired, Richard."

"Tired!" echoed Richord Hare. "A hundred miles on foot would not tire me if Thorn was at the end of them, waiting to be identified. I may not be back for two or three hours, but I will come, and wait here till you come out to me."

"You must be hungry and thirsty," returned Barbara, the tears in her eyes. "How! I wish we dare have you in, and shelter you. But I can manage to bring some refreshment out here."

"Who is the other one?" he continued,
"Some gent as is come down from London
with him. His name's Drake. He you yellow, sailor? or be you searlet-and-purple?"
"I am neither. I am only a stranger,
passing through the town."

passing through the town."

"On the tramp?"

"Tramp!—no." And Richard moved away, to make the best of his progress to East Lynne, and report to Mr. Carlyle.

Now it happened, on that windy night, that Lady Isabel, her mind disordered, her brow fevered with its weight of care, stole out into the grounds, after the children had left her for the night; courting the hoisterous gusts, courting any discomfort she might meet. As if they could, even for a moment, cool the fire within! To the solitinde of this very covered walk bent she her steps; and, not long had she passed it, when she descried some man advancing, in the garb of a sailor. Not caring to be seen, she turned short off amidst the trees, intending to emerge again when he had passed. She

The stand has a state of the st

suffamme extion. In the impulse of the measure II runte of for you, that you might come and get the doubt at rest. I need on the same of the form of the come of t

Ball & Trendman, as the brass plate on Ball & Trendman, as the brass plate on their office-dicer intimated, were convey-ancers and attorneys-at-iaw. Mr. Treadman, who attended chiefly to the conveyancing, lived at the office, with his family. Mr. Hall, a bachelor, lived away: Lawyer Hall, West Lynne styled him. Not a young bachelor; midway, he may have beest, between forty and fifty. A short, stout man, with a keen face and green eyes. He took up any practice that was brought him, dirty odds and ends, that Mr. Carlyle would not have touched with his toe; but, as that genodds and ends, that Mr. Carlyle would not have touched with his toe; but, as that gentleman had remarked, be could be bonest and true upon occasions, and there was no doubt that he would be so to Richard Hare. To his house, ou Monday morning, early, so as to catch him before he went out, proceeded Mr. Carlyle. A high respect for Mr. Carlyle had Lawyer Ball, as he had for his father before him. Many a good turn had the Carlyles done him, if only helping him and his partner to clients, whom they were too fastidious to take up. But the two, Mr. Carlyle and Lawyer Ball, did not rank alike, though their profession was the same; Lawyer Ball knew that they did not, and was content to feel humble. The one was a received gentleman; the other was a country attorney.

Lawyer Ball was at breakfast when Mr.

Lawyer Bali was at breakfast when Mr. Carlyle was shown in.

"Halloa, Carlyle! You are here betimes."

"Sit still; don't disturb yourself. Don't ring; I have breakfasted."

"The most delicions pate de foie," urged Lawyer Ball, who was a regular gourmand.

"I get 'em direct from Strasbourg."

Mr. Carlyle resisted the offered dainty with a smile. "I come on business," said he; "not to feast. Before I enter upon it, you will give me your word, Ball, that my communication shall be held sacred, in the event of your not consenting to pursue it further."

"Certainly I will. What business is it?

further."
"Certainly I will. What business is it?
Some that offends the delicacy of the Carlyle office?" he added with a laugh. "A would-be client whom you turn over to me
in your exclusiveness."
"It is a client for whom I cannot act. But

"It is a client for whom I cannot act. But not from the motives you assume. It concerns that affair of Hallijohn's," Mr. Carlyle continued, bending forward, and somewhat dropping his voice. "The murder."

Lawyer Ball, who had just taken in a delicious bonne houche of the foie gras, bolted it whole in his surprise. "Why, that was enacted ages and ages ago; it is past and done with," he exclaimed.
"Not done with," waid Mr. Carlyle. "Circumstances have come to light which tend to indicate that Richard Hare was innecent; that it was another who committed the nurder."
"In conjunction with him?" interrurted

"In have believed it for years."

"Then who did do it?"
"No." replied the attorney. "I wish a question or two answered, that's all. Did to disclosed certain facts to me, which, if correct, could not fail to prove that he was not guilty. Since that period, this impression has been gradually confirmed by little and by little, trifle upon trifle; and I would now sake my life upon his innocence. I should long ago have moved in this matter, hit or miss, could I have lighted upon Thorn, but he was not to be found, neither any clue to him, and we now know that this name, reason that several more did -I, for one.

"Is it any copying, sir, wanted to be done in a hurry?" cried James, "Then who is taking it up?" echoed Mr. Dill, in sationishment.
"Ball. He has had a meeting with Richard, and is now acting for him, under the rose.
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by little, trifte upon trifle; and I would now stake my life upon his innocence. I should long ago have moved in this matter, hit or miss, could I have lighted upon Thorn, but he was not to be found, neither any clue to him, and we now know that this name. Thorn, was an assumed one."

"Is he to be found?"

"Is he to be found?"

"He is found. He is at West Lynne, Mark you, I don't accuse him; I do not offer an opinion upon his guilt; I only state my belief in Richard's innocence; it may have been another who did it, neither Richard nor Thorn. It was my firm intention to take Richard's cause up, the instant that I saw my way clearly in it; and now that that time has come, I am debarred from doing so."

"What debare you?" asked Lawyer Ball. "Hence I come to you," continued Mr. Carlyle, diaregarding the question. "I come on the part of Richard Hare. I have seen him lately, and conversed with him. I gave him my reasons for not personally acting, advised him to apply to you, and promised."

\*\*Killed.\*\* Thorn used to be prowling—in the wood and at the cottage, I mean."

"What did he prowl-for?"

"What did he prowl-for?"

"He was several more did I, for one.

"He was several more did I, for one.

"He was several more did I, for one.

"Where was he living at the time."

"He was not at West Lynne, sit. On the contrary, he seemed to take preclused to take precluse separate. A splendid horse he rode, thor rough bred; and he used to come galloping into the wood at dusk, get over his chat with Miss Aly, mount, and gallop away again."

"What debare you?" asked Lawyer Ball. "Hence I come to you," continued Mr. Carlyle, diaregarding the question. "I come on the part of Richard Hare. I have seen him lately, and conversed with him. I gave him my reasons for not personally acting, advised him to apply to you, and promised." And have reason that the contact promised him to apply to you, and promised."

"And where's that?" asked the lawyer.

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"And where's t

on the part of Richard Hare. I have seen him lately, and conversed with him. I gave him my reasons for not personally acting, advised him to apply to you, and promised to come here and open the matter. Will you see Richard in good faith, and hear his story?—giving the understanding that he shall depart unmolested, as he came, although you do not decide to entertain the business."

'I'll give it with all the pleasure in life," freely returned the attorney. "I'm sure I don't want to harm poor Dick Hare. And if he can convince me of his innocence, I'll do my best to establish it."

shadow of doubt, that Sir Francis Levison is the same toon you knew as Thorn?

"Of his own tale you must be the judge. I do not wesh to bias you. I have stated my believe in his innocence, but I reject that I give no opinion myself, as to who else may be guilty. Hear his account, and then take up the affair or not, as you may flink fit. He would not come to you may flink fit. He would not come to you without your previous promise to hold him harmless; to be his friend, in short, for the time being; "head y and willing, in any court in the world. To-morrow, if I am called upon."

"No, he is not, you are to take me."

A flush passed over Lady I sabel's five at the bare thought, though sheddid not believe it. No go to Mr. Carlyle's office." "Mrs. Carlyle fold me herself that she should take world. To-morrow, if I am called upon."

"Very well. You may go back to your singing-club now. Keep a silent tongue in your would take me to West Lynns to-may part is done."

"I give it to you in all honor, Carlyle.
Tell Dick he has nothing to fear from me. Quilte the contrary; for if I can befriend him, I shall be glad to do it, and I won't the world. The middle of the night sat Lawyer Ball and Richard Hare, the former "Madame Vine," she said, "you will

anyony case in West Lynne to you, in comparison to restoring Dick to his fair fame? I give it up."

"Su do I for the present," said Mr. Carlyle, as he rose. "And now, about theways and means for your meeting this poor fellow? Where can you see him?"

"Is he at West Lynne?"

"No. But I can get a message conveyed to him, and he will come."

"When?"

"To-night, if you like."

"Then let him come here to this house. He will be perfectly safe."

"So be it. My part is now over," concluded Mr. Carlyle. And with a few more preliminary words, he departed. Lawyer Isill Socked after him.

"It's a queer business. One would think Dick accuses some old flame of Carlyle's; some demotselle or dame he daren't go against."

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.
On Monday evening the interview between Lawyer Ball and Richard Hare took place. With some difficulty would the lawyer believe his tale—not as to its broad details: he saw that he might give credit to them; but as to the accusation against Sir Francis Levison. Richard persisted, mentioning every minute particular he could think of: his meeting him the night of the clopement in Bean-lane; his meetings with him again in London, and Sir Francis's evident fear of him, and thence pursuit; and the previous Saturday night's recognition at the door of the Raven, not forgetting to tell of the anonymous letter receives by Justice Hare the morning that Richard was in hiding at Mr. Carlyle's. There was no doubt in the world it had been sout by Francis Levison to frighten Mr. Hare into dispatching him out of West Lynne, had Richard taken refuge in his father's house. None had more cause to keep Dick from falling into the hands of justice than Francis Levison.

"I believe what you say—I believe all you say, Mr. Richard, touching Thorn," debated the attorney; "but it's next to impossible to take in so astonishing a fact as that he is Sir Francis Levison.

"You can satisfy yourself on the fact from other lips than mine," said Richard. "Oway Bethel could testify to it if he would, though I doubt his willingness. But there's Ebenezer James."

"What does be know about it?" asked the attorney, in surprise. "Ebenezer James is in our office at present."

"He saw Thorn often enough in those days, and has, I hear, recognized him as Levison. You had better inquire of him. Should you object to take cause against Levison."

"Not a bit of it. Let me be assured that I am upon safe grouted as to the identity of the man, and I'll proceed in it forthwith.

"Not a bit of it. Let me be assured that I am upon safe grounds as to the identity of the man, and I'll proceed in it forthwith. Levison is an out-and-out secondrel as Levison, and deserves hanging. I will send for James at once, and hear what he says," he concluded, after a pause of consideration. Richard Hare started wildly up. "Not while I am here: he must not see me. For heaven's sake, consider the peril to me, Mr. Ball!"

"Peak, peak," handhed the attempt.

Pooh, pooh!" laughed the attorney.

cumstances have come to light which tend to indicate that Richard Hare was innecent; that it was another who committed the murder."

"In conjunction with him?" interrupted the attorney.

"No: alone. Richard Hare had nothing whatever to do with it. He was not even present at the time."

"Do you believe that?" asked Lawyer Ball.

"I have believed it for years."

"Pooh, pooh!" laughed the attorney. "do you suppose I have but this one reception-room? We don't let eats into cages where canary birds are kept."

Ebenezer James returned with the messenger dispatched after him.

"You'll be sure to find him at the sing-ing saloon," Mr. Ball had said, and there the gentleman was found.

"Is it any copying, sir, wanted to be done in a hurry?" cried James, when he came in.

the election. "And that devil's discounfiture when he fluds himself beaten," he surrepititionally added, behind his father's back,
who was a great stickler for the boy's always
being "gentlemanty." So the earl had
yielded. They arrived, as before, about
breakfast-time, having traveled at night.
Subsequently, they and Mr. Carlyle walked
into West Lynne together.

West Lynne was alive and astir. The
election was to come off that week, and people made it their husiness to be in a bustle
over it, collectively and individually. Mr.
Carlyle's committee sat at the fluck's Head,
and the traffic in and out was enough to
west the stones away. The bench of justices were remarkably warm over it, neglecting the judicial business, and showing themselves at the fluck's Head windows in purple and scarlet streamers.

"I will be with you in ten minutes." said

ing the judicial business, and showing themselves at the Buck's Head windows in purple and scarlet streamers.

"I will be with you in ten minutes," said Mr. Carlyle, withdrawing his arm from Lord Mount Severn's, as they approached the office, "but I must just go in and read my letters."

So the earl went on to the Buck's Head, and Lord Vane took a foot canter down to the Raven, to reconnoitre it outside. He was uncommonly foud of planting himself where Sr Francis Levison's eyes were sure to fall upon him—which eyes were immediately dropped, while the young gentleman's would be fixed in an audacious stare. Being Lord Vane—or, it may be more correct to say, being the Earl of Mount Severn's son, and under control—he was debarred from dancing and jeering after the yellow candidate, as the unwashed gentry of his own age indulged it, but his tongue and his feet itched to do it.

Mr. Carlyle took his soat in his private room, opened his letters, a-secreted them, marked on the back of some what was to be

Mr. Carlyte look his seat in his private room, opened his letters, assorted them, marked on the back of some what was to be the purport of their answers, and themcalled in Mr. Pill. Mr. Carlyle put the letters in his hand, gave some rapid instructions, and

his hand, gave some rapid instructions, and rose.

"You are in a hurry, Mr. Archibald?"

They want me at the Buck's Head. Why?"

"A curious incident occurred to me last evening, sir. I was an car-witness to a dispute between Levison and Otway Bethel."

"Indeed!" carelessly replied Mr. Carlyle, who was busy at the time looking for something in the deep drawer of his desk.

"And what I heard would go far to hang Levison, if not Bethel. As sure as we are here, Mr. Archibald, they hold the secret of Haliljohn's murder. It appears that Levison."

"Stop." interposed Mr. Carlyle. "I would prefer not to hear this. Levison may have nurdered him, but it is no affair of mine neither shall I make it such."

Old Dill felt checkmated. "Meanwhile Richard Hare suffers, Mr. Archibald," he

No; very wrong. But the case is all

"If some one would take up Richard Hare's cause now, he might be proved inso-cent," added the old man, with a wistful look at Mr. Carlyle. cont, added the old man, with a wistful book at Mr. Carlyle.

"It is being taken up, Dill."

A pause and a glad look. "That's the best news I have had for many a day, sir. But my evidence will be necessary to your

But my evidence will be necessary to your case. Levison"

"I'm not taking up the case. You must curry your news closwhere. It is no affair of mine, I say."

"Theu who is taking it up?" echoed Mr. Dill, in astonishment.
"Ball. He has had a meeting with Richard, and is now acting for him, under the rose.

ingesther, and not be at much fault for the caretapat."

"And where's that?" asked the lawyer, "Levison Park," said Mr. Ebenezer, "There's little doubt he was stopping at his uncle's, and you know that is close to Swainson.

Lawyer Ball thought things were becoming clearer or darker, whichever you may please to call it. He paused again, and then put a question impressively.

"James, have you any doubt whatever, or shadow of doubt, that Sir Francis Levison is the same man you know as Thorn."

"This is the afternoon we are to meet Dr. Martin at pages office." William Carlyle had suddenly exclaimed that day at dinner.

"To we walk in, Madane Vine."

Lady Isabel's heart best. "I understood on to say that you should go with him

"I know I did. I intended to do so; but I hused this morning that some friends from a distance are coming this afternoon to call upon ma, therefore I shall not go out."

How she, Lady Inabel, wished that she dare say, also, "I shall not go out either." But that might not be. Well, she must go through with it, as she had gone through with the rest.

William rode his pony into West Lynne, the groom attending to take it back again. He was to walk home with Madame Vine, who walked both ways.

Mr. Carlyle was not in when they arrived at the office. The hoy went boldly on to the private room, leaving Madame Vine to follow him.

Presently Mr. Carlyle appeared. He was

low him.

Presently Mr. Carlyle appeared. He was talking to Mr. Dill, who followed him.

"Oh, you are here, Madame Vine? Heft word that you were to go into Miss Carlyle's. Did I not leave word, Dill?"

"Not with me. ata"

lyle's. Did I not leave word, Dill?"

"Not with me, sir."

"I forgot it then; I meant to do so. What is the time?" He looked at his watch; ten minutes to four. "Did the doctor say at what hour he should call?" Mr. Carlyle added to Madame Vine.

"Not precisely. I gathered that it would not be very early in the afternoon."

"Here he is "exclaimed Mr. Carlyle with alacrity, as he went into the hall. She supposed he had seen him pass the window. Their entrance together woke up William.

"Well," said the doctor, who was a little man with a bald head, "and how fares it with my young patient? Hon jour, madame."

with my young patient? How jour, ma-dame."

"How jour, monsieur," responded she. She wished everybody would address her in French, and take her for French; there seemed less chance of recognition. She would have to speak in good plain English, however, if she must carry on conversation with the doctor. Beyond a familiar phrase or two, he was something like Justice Hare."—Non parley Frongosy, me."

"And how does the cod-liver oil get on," asked the doctor of William, as he drew him to the light. "It is nicer now than it used to be, et?"

to the light. "It is nicer now than it used to be, ch?"
"No," said William; "it's nastier than

Dr. Martin looked at the boy, felt his pulse, listened to his breathing. "There," said he, presently, "you may sit down again and have your nap out." "I wish I might have something to drink; I am very thirsty. May I ring for some water, purp ?"

water, papa?"
"Go and find your aunt's maid, and ask her for some," said Mr. Carlyle.
"Ask her for milk," called out Dr. Mar-

"Ask her for milk," called out 17.

Away went William. Mr. Carlyle was leaning against the side of the window; Dr. Martin folded his arms before it; Lady Isabel was estanding near the latter. The broad, full light was east upon all, but the thick veil hid Lady Isabel's face. It was not often she could be caught without that yell, for she seemed to wear her bounct at all sorts of seasonable and unseasonable indrance. The man looked confused, and slunk off into the gutter. And you will slunk off into the gutter. And you hear that he did, when you hear that

The series and ade, don't you?"

She opened her lips to speak; her trembling lips, that would not obey her. Dr. Martin, in his concern, pulled off the bine spectacles. She caught them from him with one hand, sat down on the nearest chair, and hid her face with the other.

Mr. Carlyle, made to reply, save by a gesture; his face more impassive than before. Not so another face beside him, a fair face; that had turned white again with emotion as he listened.

"But it can't be, you know. It can't, I say." So far as Richard's innecence goes, of that I have long been convinced, "spoke Mr. Carlyle.

She was putting on her spectacles under er veil, her face whiter than ever. "Pray o not interrupt your conversation to pay itsention to me! I thank you. I thank you that her is used to to make me look ill for the moment. The cold rejoinder. "It's impossible, I say. Dick can't be interest. A quick movement, a slight click a bustle interest."

I was passed now."

Nothing worse than debt occurred at that moment to the mind of Sir Francis. But that was quite enough, and he turned purple with rage. "Your hands off, vermin! How dare you?"

"I is impossible, I say. Dick can't be in-

boy himself likes. Let him play, or rest; ride, or walk, est and drink, or let it alone; it cannot make much difference."

"Doctor! You yield it, as a last hope, Tery lightly."

Does Martin shook his head. "I speak as I kasse. You insisted on having my true opinion."

"A warmer climate?" suggested Mr. Carlyle, his lip curling again. "If the man goes to his punishment, be goes; but I do not help him on his road thither."

"One Dick be innecent?" mused the justice, returning to the thought which so troubled his mind. "Then why has be kept away? Why does he not come back and says o?"

"That you might deliver him up, justice. You know you took an oath to do it."

"I wish you would see Wainwright—with reference to William."

Then what?" said Mr. Carlyle, wonderust grant me pardon. I may so

"If you wish it. It may be a satisfaction, perhaps. Bon jour, madame."

Lady lashed bowed to him as he left the room with Mr. Carlyle. "How found that French governess of yours in of the boy?" the doctor whisperred, as they crossed the hall. "I detected it when she brought him to Lynneborough. And you saw her just now! that emotion was all because he could not live. Good bye."

Mr. Carlyle grasped his hand. "Doctor, I wisk you could save him?" he passionately uttered.

Mr. Carlyle grasped his hand. "Doctor, I wisk you could save him?" he passionately uttered.

"Ah, Carlyle! if we humble mites of human doctors could but keep those whom it is the Great Physician's pleasure to take, how we should be run after! There's hidden mercy, remember, in the darkest cloud. Farewell, my friend."

Mr. Carlyle returned to the room. He approached Lady Isabel, looking down upon het as she sat, not that he could see much of her face. "These are grievous tidings. But you were more prepared for them, I fancy, than I was."

She started auddenly up, approached the window, and looked out, as if she saw somebody passing whom she would gase at. All of emotion was stirred up within her; her tembles throbbed, her throat beat, her breath become hysterical. Could she bear thus to hold confidential converse with him, over the state of their child? She pulled off her gloves for coolness to her burning hands, she wiped the moisture from her pale forchead, she struggled manfully for calmness. What excuse could she offer to Mr. Carlyle?"

"I had begun to like the boy so very much, sir," she said, half turning round. "And the doctor's fiat, too plainly pronounced, has given me pain; pain to agitation."

Again Mr. Carlyle approached her, following close up to where she stood. "You are very kind, thus to feel an interest in my

lowing close up to where she stood. "You are very kind, thus to feel an interest in my child."

child."

She did not answer.
"Here, papa, papa! I want you," cried
William, breaking into the room. "Let me
walk home with you. Are you going to
walk?" walk?"

How could be find it in his heart to deny

anything to the child then?

"Very well," he said. "Stay here till I

"Very well," he said. "Stay here till I come for you."

"We are going home with papa," proclaimed William to Madame Vine.

Madame Vine did not relish the news. But there was no help for it. In a very short time Mr. Carlyle appeared, and they set off; he holding William's hand; madame walking on the other side of the child.

"Where's William Vane, papa." naked

I should not advise it."

"I wish you would see Wainwright—with reference to William."

"I have seen him. I met him this afternoon, by chance, and told him my opinion. How is Mrs. Carlyle?"

"Pretty well. She is not in robust health, you are aware, just now."

Dr. Martin smiled. "These things will happen. Mrs. Carlyle has a thoroughly good constitution; a far stronger one than—than "—"

"Then what?" out Mr. Carlyle has a thoroughly good constitution; a far stronger one than—than "—"

"False steps would nave come mome to me now!"

"False steps come home to mest people," responded Mr. Carlyle, as he took William by the hand, who then run up. And, lifting his has to Mm. Hare in the distance, he walked one.

Sia, Lady lambel, walked on, tro, by the side of the child, so before, walked on with

ready at three o'clock to go in with most thinking when I spoke. She is stronger than was Lady Isabel. I must be off to say that you should go with him rewlf, madame."

I know I did. I intended to do so; but thinking when I spoke. She is stronger than our Lady Isabel. I must be off to catch the six train."

'I know I did. I intended to do so; but this morning that some friends from its cance are coming this afternoon to call perhaps. Bos jour, madame."

If you wish it. It may be a satisfaction, some! The world one! The world one!

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISS CARLYLE IN FULL DRESS, AFY ALSO

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISS CARLYLE IN FULL DREM, AFY ALSO.

Merrily rose West Lynne on the Thursday morning: merrily rang out the bells, clashing and chiming. The street was alive with people; the windows were crowded with heads; something unusual was satir. It was the day of nomination of the two candidates, and everybody took the opportunity to make a holiday.

Ten o'clock was the time named; but, before the hour struck, West Lynne was crammed. The county people had come in, thick and three-fold; rich and poor; people of note, and people of none; roters and nonvoters; all eager to mix themselves up with the day's proceedings. You see the notorious fact of Sir Francis Levison's having come forward to oppose Mr. Carlyle, caused greater interest to attach to this election than is usual, even in small country places—and that need not be. Barbara drove in in her carriage; the two children with her, and the governess. The governess said she preferred to remain at home. Barbara would not hear of it; almost felt inclined to rosent it as a slight; besides, if she took no interest in Mr. Carlyle, she must go in take care of Lucy; she, Barbara, would be too much occupied to look after children. So Madame Vine, perfore, stepped into the barouche and sat opposite to Mrs. Carlyle. Quite a gathering was already there. Lady and Miss Dobede, the Herberts, Mrs. Hare, and many others; for the house was in a good spot for seeing the fun; and all the people were eager to testify their respect to Mr. Carlyle in contradistinction to that other one. Miss Carlyle was in full figg; a brocaded dress, and a scarlet-and-purple how in front of it, the size of a pumpkin. It was about the only occasion, in all Miss Carlyle's life, that she deemed it necessary to attire herself beyond common. Barbara were no boy, but she exhibited a aplendid bouquet of scarlet-and-purple flowers. Mr. Carlyle had himself given it to her that morning.

Mr. Carlyle saw them an at the winners of the large upper drawing-room, and came in; he was then on his way to the town-hall. Shaking hands, laughter, hearty and hasty good wishes: and he quitted the room again. Barbara stole after him for a sweeter fare-

well.

"God bless you and prosper you, Archibald, my dearest!"

The business of the day began. Mr. Carlyle was proposed by Sir John Dobede, and seconded by Mr. Herbert. Lord Mount Severn, than whom not a busier man was there, would willingly have been proposer and seconder too, but he had no local influence in the place. Sir Francis Levison was proposed also by two gentlemen of standing. The show of hands was declared to be in favor of Mr. Carlyle. It just was, in favor of him; about twenty to one.—Upon which the baronet's friends demanded a poll.

And we work William. We will will as any before it with the works been understanding none the latter. The lates gone on with Lord Mount Section of the window, the lates are section of the window. The lates are section which in the lates. The lates are section which is a section of the window, the lates are lates are lates are lates. It was not offen she could be caught without that lates are seened to ware he because at all the lates of resonantial and unreasonable and unreason

allusion did not please him. But ere another word could be spoken, some one in the garb of a policeman, who had wound his way through the crowd, laid his hand upon the

both. I am subject to—slight spasms, and they do make me look ill for the moment.

The doctor turned from her. Mr. Carlyle resumed his place by the window. "What should be the treatment?" asked the latter, "Almost anything you please—that the boy himself likes. Let him play, or rest; ride, or walk, eat and drink, or let it alone; it cannot make much difference."

"Doctor: You yield it, as a last home terms of the mind of Sir Francis. But that was quite enough, and he turned purple with rage.

"Your hands off, yermin! How dare you?"

A quick movement, a slight click, a bustle from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter a smaxement alone prevented Mr. Drake from the wondering crowd more immediately around. around, and the handcuffs were on. Utter amazement alone prevented Mr. Drake from knocking down the policeman. A dozen vituperating tongues assailed him. "I'm sorry to do it in this public place and manner," spake the officer, partly to Sir Francis, partly to the gentlemen around; "but I couldn't come across you last night, do as I would. And the warrant has been in my hand since five o'clock yesterday afternoon. Sir Francis Levison, I arrest you for the willful murder of George Hallijohn."

The crowd fell back; the crowd was reason.

The crowd fell back; the crowd was para-

The crowd fell back; the crowd was paralyzed with consternation; the word was passed from one extreme to the other, and back, and across again, and the excitement grew high. The ladies looking from Misses Carlyle's windows saw what had happened, though they could not divine the causa. Some of them turned pale at sight of the handcuffs, and Mary Pinner, an excitable girl, fall into a screaming fit.

Pale? What was their centle paleness compared with the frightfully livid one of Francis Levison? His agitation was pitiable to witness, his face a terror to look upon; once or twice he gasped, as if in an agony; and then his eyes happened to fall on Otway Bethel, who stood hear. Shown of his adornments—which might not he thought adornments upon paper—the following was the sentence that burst involuntarily from his lipe:

"You hound! It is you who have done

"You bound! It is you who have done this?"

"No! by"— Whether Mr. Otway Bothel was about to swear by Jupiter, or Juno, never was decided, the sentence being cut ignominiously short at the above two words. Another policeman, in the summary manner exercised toward Sir Francis, had clapped a pair of handcuffs upon him. If Mr. Otway Bethel, I arrest you as an accomplice in the murder of George Hallijohn."

You may be sure, that the whole assembly was arrested—figuratively; and stood with eager gaze and open ears. Colonel Bethel, quitting the scarlet-and-purple, flashed into those of the yellows. He knew his nephew was graceless enough; but—to see him with a pair of handcuffs on!

"What does all this mean?" he authoritatively demanded of the officers.

"It's no fault of ours, colonel; we have but executed the warrant," answered one of them. "The magistrate issued it yesterday against these two gentlemen on suspicion of their being concerned in the murder of Hallijohn."

"In commenced in the murder of Hallijohn."

them. "The magistrate issued it vesterday against these two gentlemen on suspicion of their being concerned in the murder of Hallijohn."

"In contjunction with Richard Hare?" cried the astounded colonel, gazing from one to the other, prisoners and officers, in acared bewilderment.

"It's alleged now that Richard Hare didn't have nothing to do with it," returned the man. "It's said he is innocent. I'm sure I don't know."

"I swear that I am innocent," passionately uttered Otway Bethel.

"Well, sir, you have only got to prove it," civily rejoined the policeman.

Miss Carlyle and Lady Dobede leaned from the window, their curiosity too much excited to remain silent longer. Mrs. Hare was standing by their side.

"What is the matter?" both asked of the upturned faces immediately beneath.

"Them t wo—the fine member as wanted to be, and young Bethel—be arrested for nurder," spoke a man's clear voice in answer. "The tale runs as they nurdered Hallijohn, and then laid it on to the shoulders of young Dick Hare, who didn't do it, after all."

A faint wailing cry of startled pain, and Barlace Sux to Mrs. Hare from whom it

after all."

A faint wailing cry of startled pain, and Barbara flow to Mrs. Hare, from whom it proceeded.

"Oh, mamma, my dear mamma, take comfort! Do not suffer this to agitate you to illness. Richard is innocent, and it will surely be so proved. Archibald," she added, beckoning to her husband in her alarm, "come, if you can, and say a word of assurance to mamma."

ance to manima."

It was impossible that Mr. Carlyle could hear the words, but he could see that his wife was greatly agitated, and wanted him. "I will be back with you in a few moments," he said to his friends, as he began to elbow his way through the crowd, which made way when they saw who the elbower

to elbow his way through the crowd, which made way when they saw who the elbower was.

Into another room, away from the gay visitors, they got Mrs. Hare, and Mr. Carlyle locked the door to keep them out, unconsciously taking out the key. Only himself and wife were with her, except Madame Vine in her bonnet, who had been dispatched by somebody with a bottle of smelling-saits. Barbara knelt at her manma's feet; Mr. Carlyle leaned over her, her hands sympathizingly held in his. Madame Vine would have escaped, but the key was gone.

"Oh, Archibald, tell me the truth. You will not deceive me," she gasped, in earnest entreaty, the cold dew gathering on her pale, gentle face. "Is the time come to prove my boy's innocence?"

"It is."

"Is it possible that it can be that false, bad man who is guilty?"

"From my soul I believe him to be," replied Mr. Carlyle, glancing round to make sure that none could hear the assertion save those present. "But what I say to you and Barbara I would not say to the world,—Whatever be the man's guilt, I am not his Nemesis. Dear Mrs. Hare, take courage, take comfort—happier days are coming round."

Mrs. Hare was weeping silently. Barbara rose and laid her mamma's head lovingly upon her bosom.

"Take care of her, my darling," Mr. Carlyle whispered to his wife. "Don't leave her for a moment, and don't let that chattering crew in from the next room. I beg

with the problem of the control of t

"Levison was the man who did it, he says," continued the servant, bending her ear to listen. "And young Richard Hare, he says, has been innocent all along."

Afy slowly gathered in the sense of the words. She gasped twice, as if her breath had gone, and then, with a stagger and a shiver, fell heavily to the ground.

Afy Hallijohn, recovered from her faining fit, had to be sunggled out of Miss Carlyle's, as she been smuggled out of Miss Carlyle, was a shop in the chesse and ham and butter and bacon line. A very respectable shop, too, and kept by a very respectable shop, too, and kept by a very respectable shop, too, and kept by a very respectable man. A young man of a mild countenance, who had purchased the goodwill of the business, through an advertisement, and came down from London to take possession. His predecessor had amassed enough to retire, and people foretold that Mr. Jiffin would do the same. To say that Miss Carlyle dealt at the shop, will be sufficient to proclaim the good quality of the articles kept in it.

When Afy arrived opposite the shop, Mr. Jiffin admired her uncommonly, and she, always ready for anything in that way, had already enjoyed several passing fiftations with him.

"Good day, Miss Hallijohn," cried he, warmly, tucking up his white apron and pushing it back of his waist, in the best manner he could, as he held out his hand to her. For Afy had once hinted in tones of disparagement at that very apron.

"Good day, Miss Hallijohn," cried he, warmly, tucking up his white apron and pushing it back of his waist, in the best manner he could, as he held out his hand to her. For Afy had once hinted in tones of disparagement at that very apron.

"Good day, Miss Hallijohn, was head of the right of the passed of the passed," I have not a

"Oh," said Afy, conspicuously resenting the remark, "I don't know anything about that sort of thing. Butter-tubs are beneath me."
"Of course, of course, Miss Hallijohn,"
deprecated poor Jiffin. "They are very
profitable, though, to those who understand

the trade."
"What is all that shouting?" cried Afy, alluding to a tremendous noise in the dis-tance, which had continued for some little

tance, which had continued for some little time.

"It's the voters cheering Mr. Carlyle. I suppose you know that he's elected, Misse Hallijohn?"

"No, I don't.

"The other was withdrawn by his friends, so they made short work of it, and Mr. Carlyle is our member. God bless him! there's not many like him. But, I say, Miss Hallijohn, whatever is it that that other one has done? Murder, they say. I can't make top nor tail of it. Of course we know he was bad enough before."

"Don't ask me," said Afy. "Muroer's not a pleasant subject for a lady to discuss. Are all these customers? Dear me, you'll have enought to do to attend to them; your man can't do it all; so I won't stay talking any longer."

With research of our of her flowers.

any longer."

With a gracious flourish of her flounces, and wave of the handkerchief, Afy sailed off. And Mr. Jiffin, when he could withdraw his fascinated eyes from following her,

"Good heavens" cried one of the maids, whose hearing had been quicker than Afy's.

"He says they are arrested for the willful murder of Hal—of your father, Miss Afy.

Sir Francis Levison and Otway Bethel."

"What?" shricked Afy, her eyes stating.

"Levison was the man who did it, he says," continued the servant, bending her ear to listen. "And young Richard Hare, he says, he heavy, hea here in mercent all along."

"And must not fail, as I say," repeated.

won't put you out further. You are wanted at the justice-room at three o'clock this afternoon. And don't fail, please."

"Wanted at the justice-room?" retorted Afy. "I! What for?"

"And must not fail, as I say," repeated Mr. Ebeneser. "You saw Levison taken up; your old fame?"

Afy stamped her foot in indignant interruption. "Take care what you say, Ebeneser James! Flame! He! I'll have you up for defamation of character."

"Don't be a goose, Afy. It's of no use riding the high horse with me. You know where I saw you; and saw him. People here said you were with Dick Hare: I could have told them better; but I did not. It was no affair of mine, that I should proclaim it, neither is it now. Levison, alias Thorn, is taken up for your father's murder, and you are wanted to give evidence. There! that's your subpasse; Ball thought you would not come without one;

"I will never give evidence against Levison," she uttered, tearing the subpona to pieces, and scattering them in the street. "I swear I won't. There, for you! Will I help to hang an innocent man, when it was Dick Hare who was the guilty one? No! I'll walk myself off a hundred miles away first, and stop in hiding till its's over. I shant forget this turn that you have chosen to play me, Ebeneser James."

"I chosen! Why, do you suppose I have anything to do with it? Don't take up that notion, Afy. Mr. Ball put that subpona in my hand, and told me to serve it. He might have given it to the other clerk, just as he gave it to me; it was all chance. If I could do you a good turn I'd do it—not a bad one."

Afy strode on at railway speed, waving him off. "Mind you don't fail, Afy," he said, as he prepared to return.

"Fail," answered she, with flashing eyes, "I shall fail giving evidence, if you mean that. They don't get me to their justice-room, neither by force or stratagem."

Ebenezer James stood and looked after her, as she tore along. "What a spirit that Afy has got, when it's put up?" quoth he. "She'll be doing as she said—make off—unless she sate tore along." "

finery, made her way miss and presence.

"Oh, ma'am, such heartrending news as I have had!" begun she. "A relation of mine dying, and wants to see me. I ought to be away by the next train."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Latimer, after a pause of dismay. "But how can I do without you, Afy?"

"It's a dying request, ma'am," pleaded Afy. covering her eyes with her handkerchief

"It's a dying request, ma'am," pleaded Afy, covering her eyes with her handkerchief —not the lace one—as if in the depth of wee. "Of course I wouldn't ask you under any other circumstances, suffering as you are?"

are."

"Where is it to?" asked Mrs. Latimer.

"How long shall you be away?"

Afy mentioned the first town that came uppermost and "hoped" she might be back

Any mentioned the inset form hat came uppermost, and "hopfed" she might be back to-morrow.

"What relation is it?" continued Mrs. Latimer. "I thought you had no relatives, except Joyce and your sunt, Mrs. Kane."

"This is another sunt," cried Afy, softly. "I have never mentioned her, not being friends. Differences divided us. Of course that makes me all the more anxious to obey her request."

An uncommon good hand at an impromptutale was Afy. And Mrs. Latimer consented to her demand. Afy flew upstairs, attresd herself once more, put one or two things in a small leather bag, placed some money in her purse, and left the house.

Sauntering idly on the pavement on the zunny side of the street, was a policeman. He crossed over to Afy, with whom he had a slight acquaintance.

"Greet day Miss. Hallichen A fine day

He crossed over to Afy, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. "Good day, Miss Hallijohn. A fine day, is it not?"

"Fine enough," returned Afy, provoked at being hindered. "I can't talk to you now, for I am in a hurry."

The faster she walked, the faster he walked, the faster her walked, the fast

"Whatever are you in such a haste over?"
asked he.
"Well, it's nothing to you. And I am
sure I don't want you to dance attendance
upon me just now. There's a time for all
things. I'll have some chatter with you an
other day."

hesides, it would be drawing folks' attention on you. You couldn't hope to outrun me, or to be a match for me in strength."

"I will go quietly," mid Afy. "Take it off."

She kept her word. Afy was no simpleton, and knew that she was no match for him. She had fallen into the hands of the Fhillistines, was powerless, and must make the best of it. So they walked through the street as if they were taking a quiet stroll, he gallantly bearing the leather bag. Miss Carlyle's shocked eyes happened to fall upon them as they passed her window. She wondered where could be the eyes of the man's inspector.

## (To be continued in our next.)

### DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

hinking of the cunny days, when larender was

Thinking—well, 'tis vain to pender, now that on our brows are falling. The move of Life's chill winter, on those drame

For Life or Death—on Skates.

is the —— Foss we can hear, and this, therefore, is the —— Creek. Back, back, for your lives?" For he knew that this was the most dangerous ground to be on; it was, in fact, the frozen surface of —— River we were standing upon, the current of which was so swift and fierce, that the ice there was always unasfe. Fear lend speed to our skates, and we did not pause till the sound of the falling water had faded from the senses.

One good, however, resulted from this incident; it enabled us, as we thought, to shape our course for the town. Alas! the hope was a vain one; for after skating for a couple of hours more, we could still perceive no signs of home. It was getting serbous. Midnight was already past; anxious friends would be awaiting us at home. I was so fatigued, and so worn out, that I could acarcely get on. I begged and prayed them to let me lie down on the ke, if only for a moment. "No, not for a second!" shouted our leader. "Pull him up, pull him up!" for I was flinging myself down on the lee. A drop of brandy revived me; I verily believe it saved my life.

Presently, through the gloom, we espied a uumber of dell-looking lights. Was it the town? No, for they were moving. Were they phantom lights, then? No, shank God, kindly human forms were behind them. We were saved! "Hurrah!" we shouted—"hurah!" and the lights came nearer and nearer; and in a few minutes we were among a crowd of people, whom our friends in town had got to accompany them, to try and save the missing ones. We were still sight miles from town; and I verily believe that had the searching-party not fallen in with us as they did, seven frozen corpsess would have been found on the ice next morning.

ence of music, intensely bright and glitter-ing. The eye of the cobra, although so beau-tiful, in not strong, and cannot bear any bright glare. This was well known to the ancients, who had an idea that the flash of an emerald deprived them of sight. The poison from the flang of a cobra is like one or two drops of laudanum.

### The Last Female Political Victim in England.

The Last Female Political Victim in England.

Among the persons concerned in the Rys House plots was man name Jame Burton. By his own confession he had been present when the design of assassination was discoundable with the design of assassination was discounted as a recomplices. When the conspiracy was detected, a reward was offered in this apprehension. He was saved from death by an ancient matron, of the Ambapatit profession, named Elizabeth Gaunt.

This woman, with the peculiar manners and phraseology which then distinguished her seet, had a large charity. Her life was a meet in relieving the unhappy of all religious denominations, and she was well as her compassionate disposition, led her took overything in her power for Barton. She procured a boat which took him to Gravessed, where he got on board a ship of parting ahe put into his hand a sum of an among which, for her means, was very large.

Button, after living some time in exile, returned to England with Monmouth, fought at Selgemor, fled to London, and took are fuge in the house of John Fernley, a barber in Whitechapel. Fernley was barber in whitechapel. Fernley are that of the standard of the decired that of all forms of treason, the hiding of trailors from his vengence was the most unpardonable.

Burton knew this. He delivered himself up to the Government; and he gave information against Fernley and Elizabeth Gaunt. They were brought to trial. The villain whose life they had preserved had the heart and forebead to appear as the principal witness against them. They was entened to the gallows, Elizabeth Gaunt. They were brought to trial. The villain whose life they had preserved had the heart and forebead to appear as the principal witness against them. They were convicted. Fernley was sentenced to the gallows, Elizabeth Gaunt to the stake—Even after all the horrors of that year, many though the importance of the

The Life or Death—on Blates.

For Li thirty and thirty-live years old, of unexception be in no graceful style, yet such as was read by many thousands with compassion and horror.

"My fault," she said, "was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, and lo! I must die for it."

She complained of the insolence of the judges of the fercoity of the gaoler, and the tyranny of him, the great one of all, to whose pleasure ahe and so many other victims had been sacrificed. In as far as they had injured herself she forgave them; but in that they were implacable enemies of the King of kings. To the last she presented the spectators of the most heroic deaths of the King of kings. To the last she presented a tranquil courage, which reminded the spectators of the most heroic deaths of which they had read in Fox. William Penn, for whom exhibitions which humans as strong attraction, hastened from Cheapside to Tyburn, in order to see Elizabeth Gaunt burned. He afterwards related that, when she calmly disposed the straw about her is such a manner as to shorten her sufferings, the bystanders burst into tears. It was muche noticed that, whilst the foulest judicial method to Tyburn, in order to see Elizabeth Gaunt burned. He afterwards related that, when she calmly disposed the straw about her is such a manner as to shorten her sufferings, the bystanders burst into tears. It was muche noticed that, whilst the foulest judicial method to the control of the cont

## FACETIÆ.

Is a Scotch journal we find this adver-tisement: "Wanted, an experienced nurse to take charge of a young child, between thirty and thirty-five years old, of unexcep-tionable charactor and good reference. None need apply who cannot produce the best testimonials."

### POPULAR ERRORS.

FRETWORE—Vexation of spirit.

A BAD HARIT TO OFF INTO—A coat that is not paid for.

EPITAPH FOR A CANNIBAL—"One who loved his fellow-men."

Why is an industrious woman like a clock? Because her hands are inconsently at work.

DRIED tongue," was the answer which a minister gave some one who saked him what he had in his carput-bag, which contained seven sermons.

A. D. 1900, Scene before a cremation undertaker's shop: "Small boy—"I say, sir, is dad done yet? If he is, please put his sahes in this 'ere tin kettle."

ONE of the streams running into Lake Superior is called Temperance river, because it is the only one of all the tributaries of the lake that has no "bar" at its mouth.

A LOUISVILLE man countly that the state complies against he will, and butter could not have written such an absurdity. The lines should be quoted thus:

"Re that complies against he will, and but the complies against he will, and but the complies against he will, and but the could not have written such an absurdity. The lines should be quoted thus:

"Re that complies against his will, and but the complies against he will, and but the complies against he will, and but the countly have been conversed against the sum of the day, both in their writings and conversations; and those cervors have been conversated, as it were, by long asse. We shall endeavor, in this article, to explain and rectify as many of these fallacies as present themselves to our memory at the moment.

The following lines are usually quoted as if they were to be found in "Hudibras."

"A man, convinced against his will, but he could not have writered against his will, and Buttler could not have writered against his will, and but the could not have writered against his will, and but the could not have writered against his will, and but the could not have writered against his will, and but the could not have writered against his will, and but the could not have writered against his will, and but the could not have writered against his will, and but the could not have writer There are many popular fallacies, both in espect to quotations and to circumstances,

Is of his own opinion still."

A man may comply or consent to an argument, from motives of courtesy or other reasons; but he could not be consented upon the same terms. Consent is merely the expression of the lips; conviction, that of the mind. We have power over our words, but none over our volation.

The following lines are invariably attributed to Pope:

" I he rottowing uted to Pope:

" Issuedant words admit of no defense, For want of decency is want of sense."

For want of deceacy is want of sanas."

Roscommon was, however, the author of the couplet, which is to be found in one of that nobleman's posses.

Nearly all the publishers (Mr. Murray included) of Lard Hyron's works have, until the editions of the last ten or a dozen years, included, amides the miscellaneous editions of that poet, the celebrated enigms upon the letter H, commencing thus:

"Twa whispered in hears, "Yes muttered (a hell.

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell."

And scho chaight faintly the sound as it felt."

The writer of this enigma was a Miss Fanshaws, who composed and published a volume of poems many years ago, for a charisable purpose.

The well-known poem entitled "The Devil's Walk," has invariably been attributed to Southey; whereas Southey only wrote two or three stansas of it, the remainder and princinal wortion having emanated

used to Southey; whereas Southey only wrote two or three stansas of it, the remainder and principal portion having emanated from the pen of Coleridge, who also conceived the idea.

Charles VII. of France is invariably quoted as the founder of standing armies in the middle ages, whereas the principle commenced with the Ottomans in Asia Minor, in the reign of Urkhan; in whose time Aladdin, the brother and Grand Visier of this monarch, established a standing army upon a regular footing. The corps of Janisasries was established at the same period; and this circumstance would alone prove that the initiative honor was not due to the French monarch.

It is generally imagined that the guillotine was invented by Dr. Guillotin, who was himself one of the first to suffer by it; but this idea is erroneous. Guillotin only revived the instrument, which, under the denomination of the Maid, had been in vogue some time previously in Scotland.

The visitors to St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome are shown a grand red banner, which nearly all the world believes to be the sacred standard of the Prophet, taken by King Sobieski, of Poland, at the battle of Vienna, in the seventeenth century. Now, the sacred standard of the Prophet Mahomet has

standard of the Prophet, taken by King Sobieski, of Poland, at the battle of Vienna, in the seventeenth century. Now, the sacred standard of the Prophet Mahomet has never been taken; it is of a dark green color, and that at Rome is red. The standard of the Seraskier, or Ottoman Generalissimo, Kara-Mustapha-Pasha, has been hitherto considered to have been the banner of the Prophet.

In speaking of a person who has arrived to a very great age, a common phrase is to compare him with Methuselah; but the usual and improper expression is, "Oh, he's as old as Methuselem!"

When a low fellow wishes to annoy a gentleman with whom he is quarrelling, he exclaims, "Oh, you are no gentleman!" Now the very reproach itself convinces him against whom it is leveled that he who utters it knows that his adversary is a gentleman, and that he thinks that a denial of the fact will be a means of annoyance. As this is the case, no sensible person ever ought to suffer his temper to be ruffled by such a piece of abuse. The abuser only affects to think that the other is not a gentleman, or else the abuse itself would lose its point.

we wish to discourage traveling on the second three the second of the se

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Have nore. Though slowly review uses, And gladuous hides her fine in more, Put then the shadow from the brow; he night but bath its more.

Have salve. Where or thy back is drive. The calm's dispare, the temperat a mirt.

Have Love; and not alone for one

And matter, like the circling our. Thy chafflim on all. Their grave them like on a chy with-lices, Batth, and hero-and their shall find Brength when life a sunger subset roll, hight where those size west blind.

### THE SOUALL.

BY YOM BOWLLEG.

The pleasure of our passage was much marred by the loss of a man overboard. Within a few hundred miles of the Anorea, we were overtaken by a succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the borison, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one struck as we would be buried in foam and struck as we would be beried in foam and opray, and their heavily rolling on a heavy ass. We, however, prepared ourselves, and soon get everything energy. The light sails were all in—the jibs, topgallants, and spanker furied close—the manustil cherical up, and we were cracking along under close-rapid topsails alone, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he terresed on the last reef, slipped as he recovered on the last reef, slipped as

siern I seem to hear if yet, he shouted, "In.

men --in, men!"

But the poor sailors hung back---the see
was too wild. The second mate aprang to
the side of the first, and the men, aslamed
to leave both their ofbeers alone, followed.

"Cut away the lashings" exclaimed the
officer. The knife glanced around the ropes
---the boat feli to the water --rose on a huge
wave far above the dack, and drifted rapidly

where they lay-to to took for the lost sailor.

Just then I turned my eye to the southern horizon, and saw a squall blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered rushing down upon us. The requirem also saw it, and was terribly excited. He afterwards told me that in all his sea life he never was more so. He called for a flag, and, springing into the shrouds, waived it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the stemal and called for the ship. But it the signal, and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work, for the based of the beat had

It was now work, for the third of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave.

It was now growing dark, and if the squalishould strike the loss had on the late was no hope for a. It would either go down it dute or diffirms into the warmonding darkness, to strongle that the night as it could.

waters and the blacker, he vere was a white-streak of tessing form. Nearce and cleared every moment it builded and reared on its track. Hetween if and thingpeared, at in-tervals, that hithe heat like a black speck on the creat of the billows, and then sunk away, apparently enqualied forever. One dioment the spirill world seem to gain on it become the spirill world seem to gain on it become the power of users, and then delay its pregress. As I stood and was hed them both, and yet could not sell which would reach be first, the expiriment amounted to ported agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that gailant little-creat new setting the quesgallant little crew new settling to the and death to themsel ape to us, who would be left all manued in the middle of the Atlantic, and joint and manued by a clotter. The sea wa-making fast, and yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she sank away she in

that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his officers and crew. He called for his officers and crew. He called for his officers are preparations that will retinue freedow, pimples, should out over the roar of the blast and dee, but you could hardly expect us to re-

The could give why by the fine give with a constraint of the country and the ball with the country and the cou

### THE BOUDOIR.

FASHION NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Conservations relating ancientrally to subject considered to this department, in order to present attention, should be addressed to "Fashis Editions" hardwast Eventus Part.]

The sudden transition from the gray, cold days of Spring, (which have demanded winter clothes and furs) to almost Summer oppressiveness, has led every one into a minute examination of their last season's wardroles, to see just how great preparation they were to make for a sudden exodus to the country. With many "the country "means—the old farm-house; a cottage by itself, or some inland resort, where Fashion in excess seldom journeys. For those we open our notes this week, with a few items regarding.

In the first place, the idea that one must have so many changes of raiment, and those so costly, is one of the errors of the day. People in the country do not give so much of their time and attention to outer adorning as those in town; and one may wear the same suit many times without being thought peace.

wear the same suit many times without being thought pease.

No prettier traveling suit can be gotten up, than those in gray linen, finished with trimmings in blue, brown, white or black.

Linen suits this season are made plainer, and not so much of a terror to the average laundress as last season.

Nothing seens more inappropriate than a dress in wash goods, trimmed in puffs, a multiplicity of ruffles and loopings that cannot be undone; or to iron them nicely is impossible, and what, pray, more tawdry than a furbelowed dress, full of wrinkles, from the wringer.

topsells allote, when a man a supper as he inglown from the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves.

"A man overboard!" a man overboard!" few like lightning over the ship.

I sprang upon the quarter-deck just as the pase table, such his "farth houses for it will be to the whirt; headed with a bead of blue linen, and the bottom of the ship could be put about and the bast lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter-deck, and in a voice so sharp and siern I seem to bear it yet, he shouted, "In, men "in, men?"

I seem to bear it yet, he shouted, "In, men —in, men?"

I have back-aths and impossible, and what, pray, more tawdry than a furbelowed dress, full of wrinkles, from the wringer.

A pretty soit in linen that we would recommend, is made with a deep scant flounce at the bottom of the skirt; headed with a band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the wint a band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the wint a band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the band of blue linen, and the bottom of the skirt; headed with a band of blue linen, and the bottom of the skirt; headed with a band of blue linen, and the bottom of the skirt; headed with a band of blue linen, and the bottom of the skirt; headed with a band of blue linen, and the bottom of the skirt; headed with a band of blue linen, and the bott

wave far above the dark, and dritted rapidly astern.

I thought it could not live a moment in such a sea; but the officer who held the heim was a skillful seamon. Twice in his life he had been wrecked, and for a moment his health seamon. Twice in his high seamon. The stard cross-bar is thin; it's cool; it's durable, and washes, oh, so elegantly! These will be made with ruffles and side pleatings of the bars is thin; it's cool; it's durable, and washes, oh, so elegantly! These will prove the favorite cut for them.

GRENABURE SUPS, both in black and colors were never so popular as to-day. The culors are manally made the host of the gall hand little host on each high sea, which them till norsely two miles astern, where they lay to to look for the lost sailor.

Just then I turned my eye to the southern horizon, and saw a squall blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered rashing down upon us. The expansion also saw it, and was terribly exerted. He after wards told me that in all his post life to know of older time. Greatlines also come in alternate stripes of thick and thin, called the lace-stripe, and still another, watered with has much the appearance of silk. The area was allowed entire for every wards to do me that in all his post life to the southern horizon, and saw a squall blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered rashing down upon us. The expansion lates the southern horizon, and saw a squall blacker and the most fashionable greandine is some in alternate stripes of thick and thin, called the lace-stripe, and still another, waters, which has much the appearance of the southern horizon, and saw as specific to a flag.

These are suddent the cools of the stripes of thick and thin, called the lace-stripe, and still another, waters, which has much the appearance of the stripes of thick and the polonaise with the substitute of possible to possess an immence and early the called the heat of the polonaise with the

silk.

These are used almost entire for over drosses and flouncings; the plain iron mesh being more appropriate for the main dress.

LACK STRIPES
are to be found fashioning everything, and

hair and lace are in great demand, and both are beaded largely. Crowns of lace, with beautiful patterns beaded in, can be purchased ready for putting upon the lace foundation. These are entirely new, and can but become instantly popular.

can but become instantly popular.

LACE SACQUES

were never so stylish or so much worn as now, and these, too, are made in stripes alternating of face and watered ribbon face and velvet; and anovelty is, fine yak alternating with rows of time braid, the same as used for gentleman's coar-binding, and this is thickly studden with jets. In all cases these sacquess are edged with yak or guipure lace; and if one is straight and with narrow shoulders, bows and long ends of velvet or watered ribbon are attached to the neck with a fine

making fast, and yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she sank away she carried now heart down with her and when she remained a in and frail than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my yes in horror—the next moment she would appear between us and that black rolling them, literally everyed with frain and spax. The captain knew, as he afterwards said, that a few minutes more would devide the face of the same borders the entire tie.

should out over the roar of the blast and dec, but you could hardly expect us to respond its coulding give way, my homelised and the boild fellows did "give way" with a wait.

I could see their ashen ours quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat groung to their strokes down the billows from the water, while the life-like boat groung to their strokes down the billows around the crown very line and lying on a bed of green leaves, and a cluster of larger flowers at the back, not forgetting the white pleased or the blast. It was the wildest bed to cause the blast. It was the wildest bed to cause the blast and the galant fiftle boat only the property of the roam of the galant flowers are the pleased when she at length short round the spiral down the result begand with in representations gray, made in

"No, no, indeed, no woman ever wrote thus, for, without disparaging my own sex, I must say the language is too powerful, the thought too strong for a woman."

"And yet you may be mistaken."

"Yes—but I will tell you a secret, for this is the second time I am reading the book. I wrote to the publishers and asked them who was the author."

"And their reply was."

"That the author would not permit the

name being given to the public vet awhile. Now, if it was a woman, would they not have said authorses?"

"Perhaps not, for the word is now continuously used for each sex, and you notice the publishers did not say has or her name,"
"es, and I would give the world to know."

ence with his sister.

"I came to your city unknown, and the hand of fellowship was held forth to are, although a was not although I was a stranger and believed to be a fosor man; but in my case, as with Mr. Hilgar, appearances are deceiful; for I may be mistaken."

will tell you a secret, for will tell you a secret, for all time I am reading the different necessity, but from a desire to in retirement carry on my work, for I am an appearance of the probability of t from necessity, but from a desire to in retirement carry on my work, for 1 am an
author by profession, and wrote the book
which 1 am thankful to you all for so
highly commending; while pecuniarily 1
am not a poor scribbler, but possessed of
considerable wealth. Am 1 forgiven the
deception? And you, Lena, are ron disappointed in knowing that the author you so
much admired and your husband are one
and the same person?

A glad cry, a kies, was the answer; and
the young couple started upon their bridal
tour, to return a month after and move into
the grand old mansion of the Hilgars,
where in luxury and happiness they now
live, the civy of those who respected and
songht them for interest alone and deserted
Lena in her supposed distress.

to narry, you may be qualified to fill the office of a wife.

Nit Describe to press your attentions upon a young and with the press your attentions upon a young and when his unmistakely has given you to understand that they are reputelye to her, is not only a want of estimate to common sense. "Faint is not the press of the press

APPLANCES AND DECETTED.

Jest of the State o

A number of communications have been re-ceived, which will be answered next week.

### The Saturday Evening Post. The Oldest and Best Story Paper Published. Foulted August 4, A. D. 1821.

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